THE LIVING AGE

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This Week

President Masaryk performs an extraordinary tour de force in his attempt to reconcile Slavic and European culture at the expense of the Germans. His blood cries out against it, but environment and expediency lead him to a strange compromise.

* * *

No obituary of Lenin can fail to acknowledge that he was one of the greatest men of modern times. A thoroughgoing radical like Mr. Ewer, of the London *Daily Herald*, has nothing but praise; Kerenskii and Mrs. Snowden were scared and shocked, respectively; but the finest tribute came from a Russian anti-Bolshevik whom Georg Popoff quotes, 'No Russian has for a long time spat in the face of Europe as he has.' What has Mr. Masaryk to say?

* * *

An extensive tour of the Philippines led Mr. Grover Clark to conclude that the natives need another generation of political experience under the kindly and generous eye of Uncle Sam before they can govern themselves. This seemed to be the opinion of most of the foreigners and of a surprisingly large number of the natives as well.

* * *

'The Lion on the Golf-Course' is all that the name implies. In other words, it is a story relating the adventures of a timorous athlete in a style that the publishers' blurbs would describe as 'whimsical.'

* * *

Admirers of Conrad will enjoy Martin Armstrong's sympathetic criticism of his work. What strikes Mr. Armstrong most is the wonderful blend of psychological skill and love of adventure.

* * *

The charms of the new Nippon are described by a writer for the *Japan Advertiser* who has his delirium a little better under control than the average ecstatic travel expert. The beauty of the country is to be found, we are told, in the laughter of a schoolchild and the interior of a peasant's cottage. We seem to have heard this remark somewhere before.

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

PRESIDENT WILSON

EUROPEAN comment upon President Wilson's death was for the most part kindly — more so than the bitterness of previous criticism promised. It is significant, however, that very many of the obituaries cite Mr. Keynes's description of Wilson at the Paris Conference — in *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* — as placing his position in history. However, Mr. Keynes himself writes, under his initials, in *The Nation and the Athenæum*, extenuating his earlier criticism: —

Looking back on the Peace Conference, one sees that already, from March 1919 onward, President Wilson was losing his full powers of mind and will. During the first months of the Conference he at least stood his ground and was fighting bravely. It was after his return to Paris that he became manifestly unequal to the great struggle. In some sentences about the part he played, which I wrote before the breakdown of his health was known, I gave the impressions of one who had seen, at close quarters, the disappointment of the world's hopes through the weakness and ill-judging mind of an individual. But I did not appreciate then what physical decay was doing to impair the faculty of one who needed the health and strength of ten.

The *Spectator* is less generous in its estimate than English journals that are usually more critical of Americans. It says: 'No mistake was more glaring than his failure to perceive that, as the war had been fought by all Americans, so the peace must be made by all Americans. He preferred to be a dictator.' On the other hand, the *Saturday Review*, which usually chills into traditional Tory aloofness whenever Anglo-American fraternization is in the air, expresses its sympathy 'with our American cousins in the loss of the most famous of Presidents since Lincoln, and, indeed, of the man who during the last years of the war bulked perhaps more largely in the public eye than any other statesman,' and reverts to the good old English custom of finding the refrain for his requiem in the classics: —

Eighteen centuries ago the Roman poet, in his famous satire on the vanity of human wishes, wrote of another conqueror of the Germans in words which are singularly applicable to Mr. Wilson: —

Quid illo cive tulisset
natura in terris, quid Roma beatius unquam,
si circumducto captivorum agmine et omni
bellorum pompa animam exhalasset opimam,
quum de Teutonico vellet descendere curru?

The *Manchester Guardian* concludes an eloquent leader upon the former President as follows: —

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Perhaps the two most tragically closed of modern political careers before Wilson's were Parnell's and Joseph Chamberlain's. Both presented in full measure the essential tragic spectacle of a powerful personality wholly given to a greater object than personal ambition, and wholly wrecked by a casual passion or a faulty calculation. But in no case has the Lucifer-like fall from great power and brilliant distinction to impotence and decay been set off with so many intensifying circumstances as in the tragedy of Wilson. For his stage was not a country, but the world; his opportunity was such as, perhaps, the world never before gave to a man, and the completeness of his collapse was made surpassingly poignant by the circumstance that in his eagerness to achieve at least one half of his ideal he had let himself desert the other half, and then lost all.

We do not know enough to try to define here the failings in Wilson's equipment which contributed to his calamity. That he was incompletely endowed for his almost superhuman task seems to be the general opinion of those who knew him. But in a terribly soiled political world he was a most honest and high-minded leader; at a crisis in human civilization he was the man who told mankind most truly and clearly the right way and the wrong; and already most of those, at any rate in Europe, who pushed him aside can see now that he knew better than they and was a better man.

Wilson and Lenin are frequently coupled in the comment upon the ex-President's death. The *Irish Statesman* says: 'Woodrow Wilson and Lenin are both men on whose decisions the world hung breathless for a time. If the first had had the unshakable resolution of the second, he might have been one of the greatest figures in history.' The *Journal de Genève* discovers deeper contrasts in the two characters: —

Wilson and Lenin! The whole future of civilization is at stake between the white silent chamber at Washington and the bloody catafalque standing there amid the tumult of Moscow's Red Square. Both men, the Anglo-Saxon idealist and the Muscovite despot, deluded themselves. One believed reason was sovereign; the other placed his faith in the irresistible power of unchained instinct. One incarnated the old intellectualism of the West carried to its highest refinement, the other an outpouring of the primitive passion and patient wrath of Asia.

The *Outlook*, which does not expend much enthusiasm upon idealism per se, assigns the former President a conspicuous rank among the men of history: —

So long as history occupies the minds of men, probably for countless thousands of years, the figure of Woodrow Wilson will challenge attention. So much we can say with certainty; he was the dominating human factor in the greatest struggle that ever convulsed our globe. Will he be regarded as a vain spinner of phrases elevated by accident to a position where, for a little while, it seemed that he was dictator of the world, and then plunged by his own weakness and incapacity into disgrace? Or will Posterity denounce our present age because we were unable properly to appreciate, while he lived, one of the greatest men of all the ages?

It is too soon to tell which of these views the future will adopt, but if a guess by a contemporary may be hazarded, I think Mr. Wilson's immortal fame, or disgrace, rests almost solely upon the fate of the League of Nations. If the League dies, Wilson becomes a figure of ridicule and contempt; but the converse is true, and if the League lives, or if any form of international body springs from it that suppresses war, then the man who sacrificed most of his own ideals and the interests of his own generation, because he could not otherwise bring into being the germ of the world's future salvation, will occupy a pedestal in the Pantheon of humanity perhaps more lofty — I am thinking of A.D. 2500 — than that of any other benefactor of our race.

François de Tessin, who knew Mr. Wilson before the war, and was a

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member of the Viviani-Joffre mission to the United States in 1917, contributed a notable article upon his character to *L'Illustration*, which concludes as follows: —

One may not sympathize with such a character, but it seems to me impossible not to admire it. President Wilson dedicated his life to the most noble causes, and France was directly interested in the noblest of all of these. When death knocked at his door, Woodrow Wilson said, with stoicism: 'I am ready.' As we sum up his mistakes and his virtues, we understand how he might speak thus. History will correct many hasty judgments of our 'associate' in the war, and will rank him among the just, worthy to be remembered for their devotion to their highest convictions.

Alexis François introduces an article upon Wilson in *La Semaine Littéraire* with the statement: 'He should never have come to Europe,' and concludes with the following prophecy: —

Some day pilgrims will throng to his home as to another Mount Vernon. He will have heroic statues by the side of those of Washington. . . . Happy our posterity who will bow before those monuments. The nightmare of Lenin will long since have vanished from their memory.

The *Central European Observer*, a political and commercial weekly published at Prague, prints on the occasion of Wilson's death an extract from the forthcoming memoirs of President Masaryk, in which the following opinion is expressed: —

Wilson was and is one of the great and greatest pioneers of modern democracy. As far back as his first political campaign for the Governorship of New Jersey he said that trust in the people was the basis of democracy as compared with monarchism and aristocracy: the peoples are renewed from below and not from above, whereas monarchy and aristocracy everywhere and always lead to ruin. This recognition of his, which coincided with my own conviction, proved in the World War to be true on a magnificent scale — three great monarchies with their aristocratism collapsed together under the shock of the more democratic peoples.

Prager Tagblatt is less generous, for, like most of the German appraisers of the President, it holds him responsible for the present distress of Europe, and summarizes the results of his intervention there as 'a broken vessel of noble and magnanimous ideals, and a crippled continent.' But for this very reason Wilson's influence is no passing episode. 'He has bequeathed his mission to his nation. Historical responsibility cannot be disavowed offhand, albeit that responsibility was assumed under the banner of a crusade.'

Neue Zürcher Zeitung, a Swiss Republican daily, says: 'The tragedy of Wilson springs from his inability to achieve his will — to drive through the policies his higher vision pointed out to him. . . . His idealism carried him too far, and what he imagined was the readiness of his nation to save Europe did not in reality exist. That spelled the doom of Wilson — and of Europe.'

Neue Freie Presse reaches virtually the same conclusion: —

The tragedy in his life was that people conceived him as greater than he was; that the deep longing, the inexpressible craving of war-tortured humanity for a great and supereminent leader, for a savior, lifted him to a height that he was wholly incapable of occupying. Millions imagined he was a guiding star, only to learn that he was but an ignis fatuus. His guilt lay in encouraging this faith by high promises, while yielding himself to the human weaknesses of vanity and self-will.

German comment was cold or critical, and often bitter. Theodor Wolff wrote in the Liberal *Berliner Tageblatt:* 'This man we can neither exalt to Heaven nor cast down to Hell. He strove for high things, but clung to base things like Prometheus, who

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dreamed of bringing light to the world, but yielded in his weakness, vanity, and ignorance to the Powers of Darkness.' Stinnes's *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* grants Wilson the single achievement of making the League Covenant part of the 'Versailles Dictate.' 'But this League of Nations has become an instrument of arbitrary power that perpetuates the chaos of Europe. That fact settles Wilson's place in political history.' The Conservative *Kölnische Zeitung*, in an exceedingly bitter leader, which probably expresses the feelings of a powerful minority if not a majority of Germans, says: —

> The goal of all his thought and action throughout these years may be expressed in a paraphrase of Cato's famous sentence: *Germania delenda est!* His messages and speeches do indeed sound otherwise at times, but it is merely sound. His neutrality would have been a monstrosity, his war a horror, his peace an abomination in his eyes, if he had not attained his great end of destroying Germany.

The Socialist and Radical press is unsparing in its strictures. Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung* says that no person in history ever betrayed so sorrily a high and Heaven-given mission. *L'Humanité* quotes Lenin to the effect that 'Wilson's policy had its root in religious gullibility and petty bourgeois phraseology, and showed absolute incomprehension of the class struggle.' Daniel Renault says in the same issue: 'It is not necessary to dispute Wilson's personal sincerity. But it is certain that his activities in favor of peace, of America's entry into the war, and of the settlement that followed the Armistice, consistently favored the interests of American capitalism.'

Turning to a happier estimate, *L'Opinion* cites President Wilson's life as a great lesson in the power of ideals. Although the ideals to which he clung were vague and often false . . . their simple possession was enough to lend for a moment to the man who held them a prestige more than human. To be sure, those ideals did not survive contact with facts, but a statesman who combines an imagination capable of creating vital myths with a sense of reality is singularly powerful. . . . Wilson was a man of good intentions, and there was a time when the heart of France beat for him or for what she believed him to be. Now that the German Embassy at Washington has refused to fly its flag at half-mast in his honor, we are summoned more imperatively than ever to stand with bowed head at his bier.

Pester Lloyd considers the ex-President's place in history still a riddle.

> Did he enter the war in order to seize possession of the Temple of Janus and close it forever, or did he throw his sword into the balance as Brennus did once on a time? Did he turn to a peace of violence from a peace of justice because his idealism failed him or because his will was bent? The riddle of his action in history is still unsolved. The contradiction between his early efforts to prevent America's entering the war and his later zeal as a war leader, between his labors as a protagonist of reconciliation among peoples and his failure in the Peace Conference, are still unexplained. He was thrust into the foreground of world events, and then collapsed under a paralysis of the will at the decisive moment when his ideals might have been realized.

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LENIN

LENIN's death has naturally turned the searchlight of biographical inquiry into the obscurer recesses of the Communist leader's past. Among the lucky finds is a note from the records of the secondary school that Lenin attended at Simbirsk. It is dated February 18, 1887, and is part of a report upon the examinations of the eighth-grade students of that institution.

Vladimir Ulianov is reported over

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the signature of his classroom teacher, the Director of the school, — who, by the way, was the father of Aleksandr Kerenskii, the first Premier after the Revolution, — as 'very talented, industrious, and punctual. Ulianov ranked first in his studies throughout the whole course, being rewarded with a gold medal upon completing it at the head of his class, and first in intelligence and behavior. Ulianov has never been observed, either inside or outside the school, to commit any act or make any remark inviting the disapproval of his teachers and superiors. His studies and character-training were closely supervised by both his parents — after the death of his father in 1886 by his mother alone, who has devoted all her efforts to the education of her children. Her training has been founded upon religion and discipline, and has borne fruit in the good behavior of Ulianov. Upon a close scrutiny of his habits and character, however, I feel compelled to note his excessive reserve and aloofness, even from family friends and classmates.'

Lenin's complete works were published in Moscow in eighteen ponderous volumes shortly before his death. They include, in addition to his books, his principal articles and speeches, and some of his letters.

Clarté, the French Communist weekly, prints apropos of Ramsay MacDonald's appointment as Premier a short article written by Lenin in July 1919, in which he ridicules the moderate views and parliamentary tactics of that leader and his associates: 'Ridiculous pedants! They have not yet learned that the ballot box and the institutions and practices of bourgeois parliamentarism are part of the machinery of the bourgeois state, which must be crushed and demolished before we can erect a dictatorship of the proletariat and pass from bourgeois democracy to proletarian democracy. They have not yet learned that all serious questions of government are decided not by votes but by civil war. . . .'

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MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES

Frankfurter Zeitung characterizes the 'intervention' of the United States in the Mexican revolution as more important than the military operations in that country. 'It lifts Mexico's turmoil, which represents that country's way of choosing a President and settling its social and economic issues, out of the field of domestic controversies into the sphere of international policy.' The Washington Government did all this, in the editor's opinion, when it permitted the sale of arms and ammunition to the Mexican Government and forbade their sale or delivery to the insurgents; and especially when it broke the rebel blockade before Tampico and permitted Obregón's troops to pass through United States territory in the course of military operations.

That journal is inclined to ascribe our attitude to the Revolutionists' inconsiderate attempt to levy contributions upon the big petroleum-companies, whose taxes pay the interest on Mexico's foreign debt. However, our Government is suspected of looking further than this. Notwithstanding our professed policy of nonintervention, 'events are usually stronger than intentions . . . and a first step often leads to developments not contemplated when it is taken.' Imperialism, like getting married in the sociology taught by our revered professors, is in the mind of the editor primarily a matter of propinquity.

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MINOR NOTES

THE German Department of Labor, which has recently made a systematic

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census of home industries, has discovered a remarkable revival of household manufacturing during the present period of economic distress.

Spinning wheels are coming to life again in various German linen districts as a sign of the high prices for inland textile fabrics. No less than 240 small hand-operated linen-factories have lately been opened in the rural districts of Oldenburg, Bremen, Lunenburg, and farther west, prompted by the reported increase of flax-cultivated area in the north German districts, which is stated to be 40 per cent larger than it was last year. The estimated number of hand-operated spindles in Bavaria is 5,000,000. Similar conditions obtain in the Saxon and Silesian linen districts where factory-made linen can hardly compete with hand-made qualities.

NEW evidence of the peculiar semi-religious status of Gandhi in Indian agitation is afforded by an appeal that his incarceration in prison, like the birth of Christ and the Hegira, shall be made the beginning of a new era. The first year of this era would begin with the eighteenth of March, 1922, and end with the seventeenth of March, 1923. Calendars designed upon this system for the second year of the Gandhi Saka have already been published. Advocates of the reform defend the measure with the following: —

The Gandhi Saka began on the eighteenth of March, 1922, when Mahatma Gandhiji, who has the self-sacrificing spirit of Jesus, the love and compassion of Buddha, the devotion of Chaitanya, and the patriotism of Sivaji all combined in him, was incarcerated by the British Government.

Adoption of this era will give a fresh stimulus to the movement of Non-Coöperation, make the British and other nations understand that we, the Indians, are determined to exercise our national right of self-determination, and, among numerous other advantages, procure a prominent place in the world's history to the World Teacher and his cult, a beacon-light to the servient nations.

Before the Reichstag

'Gentlemen—every day France arms more and more...' — *L'Ère Nouvelle*

Before the Chamber of Deputies

'Gentlemen — every day Germany arms more and more...' — *L'Ère Nouvelle*

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THE SLAVS AND WESTERN CULTURE

BY PRESIDENT MASARYK

[This article is a portion of President Masaryk's address at the Institut Slave during his official visit to Paris last summer. The address represented the fruit of a lifelong study of its theme by the most distinguished scholar-statesman of his race.]

From *Narodni Listy*, *October* 18
(Prague National Liberal Daily)

In 1914, Europe and the whole world were divided into two groups: on one side the Allies, including Western Europe and America, together with Russia and the larger part of Asia; on the other side the Central European Powers, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and one Slavic nation, the Bulgars. The rest of the Slavs, especially our own nation, stood by the Allies. This splitting of the world in twain, with the whole West, most of the Slavs, and part of Asia on the one side, and with Germany and a part of Asia and Africa on the other, had more than a mere temporary military significance, for it had resulted from the conditions of world culture. Conflicting ideas, divergent views on the world and on life, were opposed to each other. . . .

I am quite aware that it is a dangerous undertaking to try to formulate briefly a national programme as a whole. I venture therefore to utter my own views on this subject with great reserve, as far as I need them for stating clearly the tasks and aims of Slavic studies. The theocracy of the mediæval world, which centred in the Papacy as an international spiritual authority, had been supplanted in modern times by a greater independence of individual states and nations. The Reformation and the Humanistic movement supplied new ideas, new moral ideals, and new foundations for organizing a new society. From the Reformation and from Humanism great revolutions developed, in England, France, and America, which was then practically a part of England. The great gain of these revolutions was the separation of State and Church, or, to be quite accurate, churches. The importance which was attached in the New Age to this new relation of State to Church can be seen in the fact that the movement went on in Europe and America progressively till our own day. Religion did not lose thereby — on the contrary, it gained. The emancipation of State from Church and Church from State profited both religion and politics.

As for the State itself, which now assumed the leadership of society, the French Revolution had proclaimed the great motto of 'liberty, equality, and fraternity.' The rights of man and citizen were declared and codified. France and America were turned into republics; Great Britain and, for a short time, France too became constitutional monarchies. In place of the old aristocracy — for monarchy is only one form of aristocracy — democracy begins to develop various forms, degrees, and qualities. The revolutionary process was not exhausted by the great French Revolution. A number of revolutions followed, and we are still in the midst of this curious evolution-

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ary phenomenon, for during the Great War, and later, as a result of it, still other revolutions broke out. It was this fact that most surprised the guardians of the old régime. The revolutionary spirit became the characteristic feature in all departments of life, not merely in politics. It may be that, during the Great War, we ended not only the old régime but also the transient revolutionary period.

The ideal of the Great Revolution was humanity. Morally it meant sympathy and respect of men toward one another, the acknowledgment of the rights of human individuality; politically and socially it meant equality of all citizens in the State, and the drawing-together and uniting of all nations and states, and thereby of all mankind. From the legal point of view, the revolutionists believed in the existence of an equal natural right to liberty and equality, granting it to every individual and to all collective groups — especially to the nations. This idea of natural right is old. It is part of our inheritance from the Greeks and Romans, and was consecrated by the Catholic Church. By degrees it was formulated both politically and socially.

In close connection with this ideal of humanity, there was the era of enlightenment, characterized by an ardent desire for a general uplifting and general education, which, during the last century, resulted in the recognition of science and in attempts to introduce a new philosophy based on scientific knowledge.

The Revolution and these great changes in thinking and practical life established progress both as an idea and as an ideal in all branches of human effort, and set up the belief that all nations and mankind as a whole must attain gradually and by their own strength the highest degree of perfection. This, I think, is the leading idea of the West of Europe. The West — France and her neighbors, Great Britain and America, Italy and the rest of the Latin nations — forms one cultural group, as the history of the mutual influence of the Western nations on one another and their development, especially their political development, clearly show.

Germany belonged to the unified group of European civilization during the Middle Age; but in the New Age it went on separating and isolating its culture more and more. The State of Prussia, being from its beginning an aggressive State, became dominant in Germany. In the West, too, this so-called 'étatism' asserted itself to a great extent, but in the West the State became the organ of parliament and public opinion. In Germany, however, the State was nearly idolized, and its absolutism generally acknowledged. In fact, Prussia and Germany were an organized Cæsarism. There is no doubt that Frederick the Great, Bismarck, William I, and William II were Cæsars, though of course they were different from Napoleon. They were Tsaristic Cæsars. The word 'Tsar' originated from 'Cæsar,' but what a difference between word and idea. A soldier, a Prussian officer, became to the Germans the standard of organized society — yes, of the whole world. The Reformation and the Classical Humanism did not abolish theocracy in Germany so completely as in the West, and there arose a kind of Cæsaropapacy, somewhat different from the Russian type of the same thing.

The humanistic ideals of Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Kant, and Schiller, inspired by Western evolution, were set aside in favor of pan-German imperialism. The Berlin-Bagdad railway represents the effort to gain the hegemony of Europe and thereby also of

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Asia and Africa. This alone proves the ideal of the Old World: Germany develops and maintains the ideals of the Roman Empire, which for centuries had been leading the world. On the other hand, the Western ideal is humanity in the broadest meaning of the word: in the first place the uniting of Europe and America — thereby also of the other parts of the world — and of all mankind. During the Great War this unification was achieved.

Pan-Germanism did not acknowledge the right of national independence, for it sought to become the sole leader, the lord of all. In its aggressiveness it declared that one state made up of many nations was the ideal. Austria-Hungary beside Germany was a living example of such a state. Russia was much the same. The Allies, on the other hand, proclaimed liberty as the right of all nations, not only of the large ones, but also and chiefly of the small ones, and this programme resulted in the League of Nations, in which the ideals of democracy as they were formulated in America have culminated. The Germans denied this natural right and replaced it by an historical right. True, Kant was still looked upon as their chief philosopher, but his sympathy for natural right and for Rousseau was rejected just as the ideals of humanity were rejected. Their idea of historical right was strengthened by the Darwinian version of the theory of evolution, which assigned success to the strongest. Prussian militarism used the theory of an English natural scientist to strengthen its military aristocracy, declaring that ideas and right have their origin in power and strength.

Philosophically, this moral and spiritual isolation of Germany manifested itself in that peculiar subjectivism into which the justified striving for individualism had degenerated. German philosophy abandoned the firm foundations of science and became fantastic, though still useful to egoism and materialism, which developed with perfect consistency from that German Subjectivism which the Germans are very fond of calling Idealism.

In this way — I repeat with the apprehension that my brief formulas may be wrongly understood — I should characterize the spiritual difference between the West and Germany. And now I come to the question: What attitude shall we Slavs take to German culture and what attitude shall we take to Western culture?

With the exception of the Bulgars, we took the side of the Allies in the Great War, and this was done, not only because we were oppressed by the Germans and their obedient allies, but also because we agreed with the ideals of Western culture. I cannot describe here the process of evolution which the relationship to the West and Germany was undergoing in the Slav nations taken individually. In each nation the details of this evolution had their own special character according to the type of the surrounding civilization. The Slav nations were for the most part neighbors of the Germans. Only a few of them had in the past been neighbors of the Greeks and Romans, and later on of the Italians. We were largely under the German influence, but because that influence implied political subjection we deliberately offset it by seeking Western influences also. Let me explain this by saying a few words about my own countrymen.

In the time of the mediæval theocracy, the Bohemian Kingdom under Charles IV, the pupil of the French culture, ruled for some time over the Roman Empire; but soon afterward John Huss and the Reformation turned our nation against this same Empire and against the mediæval theocracy.

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Chelčický, the most powerful character and thinker among our reformers, with an extreme and impossible consistency in his struggle against theocracy rejected not only the Church but the State as well, together with its whole organization. His extreme views were soon modified. Our King Jiří (George), the people's King, proclaimed the ideal of eternal peace. Being in constant opposition to reactionary Austria, we had in the eighteenth century already accepted the ideals of the French Revolution, and Western ideas became the leading ideas of our national renaissance.

We were looking, however, for help and support not only to the West — chiefly to France—but also to the other Slav nations. In Austria our alliance with Yugoslavs, Poles, and Ruthenians was quite natural, and besides, since the time of Dobrovský we had been Russophils. This was due to our common Slavic culture, springing from the affinity of our languages and national spirit, not from political motives. It was formulated by Kollár in his teaching about Slavonic kinship in the sense of real humaneness and enlightenment. To us the Slav and the Man were identical, and the Slavonic political ideals were the ideals of pure democracy. We defended natural national right both for ourselves and for all oppressed nations. To historical right we appealed only when emphasizing the continuity of our independence, which was not fully broken even by Austrian domination.

In this sense I settled accounts with Austria many years before the war, when I pointed out the discord between the Czech and the Austro-German viewpoints. The Czech attitude unites us with the West essentially and historically, and the same thing is true of the other Slav nations. Consider the political effort of the Poles and its echo in France. Remember the French influence on the Russian society of the eighteenth century, the Italian and Greek influence on the Yugoslavs.

I need scarcely emphasize the fact that my philosophy of history and my estimates of the German culture and Western culture by no means confirm the Messianic ideas of some Slavonic thinkers. Russia's own chaos forces us critically to revise the Messianism of the Russian Slavophils, but the Messianism of our own Kollár and of the other Slavonic Messianists must likewise be submitted to criticism.

The West and Western culture stood the test of war. The Germans and Austria were defeated by the West, and the West won not only in the battlefield but also in the field of culture, so that the Germans also will have to turn to the leading Western ideas. The best minds among them admit it already.

But philosophical criticism finds one-sidedness and discerns faults in the West also. The victory of the West does not in my mind justify the whole of the Western culture. If I did not accept the Eastern Messianism without criticism and objection, neither did I, for the same reasons, accept Western culture uncritically and one-sidedly.

The desire for better knowledge of the culture of all nations, the philosophical criticism of the spiritual evolution of the European nations, lead us, I think, to the synthesis of culture, to the brotherhood of all races, not only to the brotherhood of Slavs. Therefore my answer to the question, '*Ex oriente lux?*' is 'Yes, but also "*Ex occidente*"!'

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LENIN AS I KNEW HIM

BY MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN

[Mrs. Snowden was a member of the British Labor Delegation that visited Russia four years ago, when the Soviet realm was practically isolated from Western Europe.]

From the *Evening News, January* 22
(London Liberal Daily)

The news of Lenin's death carries my mind back to a hot day in Moscow in May of the year 1920, when a number of us waited with breathless interest the time of our entry into the presence of the great man.

It was not easy to reach him. Only the highly privileged were permitted to see him. Our special passports were examined closely a dozen times by the Red Guards placed at every door through which we passed.

In a small inner room of that vast mass of churches and palaces known as the Kremlin we discovered him, seated at a small deal table, playing idly with the telephone cord. During the whole of our interview, which lasted more than an hour, he toyed laughingly with that cord.

I am bound to say that the first impression was an unpleasant one. Picture a little man of extreme plainness, even ugliness, of feature, who had the broad face and high cheekbones of the Tatar he was.

His head was as guiltless of hair as a billiard ball. His lips were as thick as those of a Negro. Eyes of red-brown burned bright and fascinating, and laughed at you unceasingly from under shaggy eyebrows. A stubby moustache covered the upper lip.

It was the persistent, unnatural merriment of those amused eyes which gradually increased my distaste to the point of horror. What was there to laugh at in the whole wide realm of suffering Russia? was the question which indignantly demanded an answer as I caught again and again the mocking gleam in the eyes of the merry fanatic.

For the impression of fanaticism was profound. Here was a man who would have made a Grand Inquisitor of the Middle Ages, sending men to the stake for the love of God!

Here was a man who, according to the Bolsheviki's own printed statement, had sent 10,000 persons to their death for the love of a political creed. When one of our number elicited his plan for dealing with obstinate rich peasants he shook with horrid laughter as he spoke of their hanging!

Perhaps in the light of medical investigation Lenin's cruelty may be softened to the mind of the critic. The bullet of a would-be assassin had lodged in this brain. To most of us the awful responsibility and the mental strain under which he lived would have spelled insanity in a very short time. This may actually account for much of the abnormal in Lenin's conduct.

With all his cruelty there was left on our minds the impression of real disinterestedness. The general respect for the honesty of his character and the purity of his life, I feel, was justified.

Certainly his appearance and his habitation gave the lie to those extravagances of statement which decked his

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wife with silks and pearls, and pictured him wallowing in luxury with his mistresses in the palaces of deposed princes. What Lenin did was done in the name and for the sake of laboring humanity, and not for private gain.

Born a noble — his real name was Vladimir Ulianov — and moved to revolutionary fervor by the execution of his brother for a trivial offense, Lenin attempted to carry out his theory of economic equality at a time and in circumstances which foredoomed the experiment to failure in the minds of all but those invincible dogmatists of whom Lenin was the prince.

As we see melting away before the misery of hungry workmen and the obstinacy of angry peasants the dream of an ideal social order, which I believe to have been Lenin's original conception, it must be remembered that *he failed where no man could have succeeded.*

I do not believe for a moment that there ever was a question of his having forsaken his ultimate ideal.

World Communism was his passion to the day of his death. World Revolution was still his hope. When we talked with him we were amazed to find how grossly he had been deceived as to the likelihood of revolution in Western Europe. That he discovered later.

Hence the necessity of the 'strategic retreat.' Not all of Lenin's associates were big enough to yield even a single point of their dogmatic creed for the prospect of an ultimate gain, or wise enough to understand that the longer way home is sometimes the shorter cut. His last speech to the Soviet Congress was a condemnation of the 'impossibilists' in his own party.

Lenin is dead. And his death has removed one of the most remarkable figures of modern times.

So much his worst enemy, if he be a person of intelligence, is bound to concede.

His friends, and even the neutral observer, will give him a higher place than that, while history may accord to him the exalted place in her records of having been the most commanding personality, if not the greatest man, the war and the Russian Revolution produced.

Over his grave will bend friend and foe among the Communists, singing the weird and mournful hymn I heard chanted so often at the graves of dead revolutionaries; for to the dead who die in the faith, whatever their mistakes, all is forgiven.

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THE RASPUTIN OF RADICALISM

BY GEORG POPOFF

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, January* 28 *and February* 6
(SWEDISH LIBERAL DAILY)

IN modern Russian history the death of Lenin will have a significance as fraught with importance as the murder of Rasputin in 1916. The assassination of Rasputin was the signal for the first act in the great Russian revolutionary drama. The death of Lenin initiates the last, and perhaps also the bloodiest, act in this monstrous tragedy.

As for their personal qualities, there can of course be no comparison between these two men, Rasputin and Lenin. The one was a filthy, degenerate, sly peasant, and the other a highly educated and gifted popular leader. But a certain similarity between them exists nevertheless — a similarity which is insistent, confusing, and misleading. Does it not consist, on the one hand, in the Asiatic mystical fanaticism which to an equal degree inspired both these men, and, on the other, in the clever charlatanism which both of these 'heroes,' though in different ways, carried to perfection?

Just as the whole existence of Rasputin, that repulsive and libidinous peasant to whose whims an entire empire was actually delivered, consisted in a singularly brazen trickery on a large scale, so the so-called work of Lenin, his meaningless destruction of a great empire, was perhaps the boldest and most unconscionable piece of bluff in the whole history of the world. From the moment he seized the government this man, who shortly before his death admitted that 'a world-revolution cannot be carried out without promises, regardless of whether they can be fulfilled or not,' strove for only one goal: namely, to keep himself and his companions in power, with the assistance of the bold system of make-believe. This aim sanctified all means.

To attain this goal he broke up the first Russian Constitutional Assembly as though it had been a band of scamps. He did not wince at starting the bloodiest of civil wars. Not for a moment did he hesitate to bombard the holiest sanctuary of the Russian people, the Kremlin. With a ready hand he signed a peace treaty which for all times will constitute the most humiliating capitulation recorded in Russian history. In his struggle for power Lenin devised the Red Terror and entrusted its execution to thousands of his underlings belonging to the worst scum of the Russian people. He, 'the gifted seer,' knew beforehand that he would not later be able to exorcise the spirits which he had evoked, and that the Red Terror for years to come would fortify the rule of the most degraded, and foster the meanest and most repulsive instincts of the nation. As he himself admitted, he foresaw all this and yet he did it.

To be sure, his method of carrying out his bloody work was decidedly clever. No one has known as well as he how to play on the strings in the Russian popular soul, which always vibrates with a desire for an utopian redemption of all humanity. Especially did he know how to combine his unreal Communistic ideas with palpably

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brutal methods. As none other before him, he knew how to paint brilliant schemes for the future with one hand while swinging the knout with the other. Indeed, he understood so well how to divert attention from the miserable, gray, inhuman reality of the present to the fantastic pictures of a new social world-order that many of his bitterest opponents admit it would be difficult to imagine a better government for the Russian peasants than his. This brutal procedure, justified to his contemporaries by an appeal to a great goal to be reached in future centuries, he had in common with Peter the Great. That was partly how he impressed himself on the Russians. Significant in this connection is the remark of a reactionary professor at the University of Petrograd: —

'Many Russians hate Lenin just as much as I. But he must be given credit for one thing. No Russian has for a long time spat in the face of Europe as he has.'

Naturally a work of destruction, carried out on such an extensive scale as that of Lenin, also had its good sides. Savagely, like Peter the Great, Lenin kneaded anew with giant hands the Russian national dough; diabolically, persistently, and with determination, he broke all connections with the past. He did, so to speak, plough up Russia. That is his work. It cannot be passed by in silence. But did not the Russian people have to pay too high a price for Lenin's ploughing? The price was millions of human beings starved and tortured to death, a land ravaged for an indeterminate future. This question, why Lenin has been paid this price in Russian blood, — which in recent years has laid unexpressed on the lips of millions, — will to-day be asked aloud in anxious and shrill tones. With a beating heart the Russian people to-day ask this question as well as another: 'Are new victims still required? What is still to happen?'

It appears as though Russia and the rest of the world will not have to wait long for the answer. The death of Lenin will accelerate the course of events just as the death of Rasputin was the spark that set off the bomb. From the murder of Rasputin to the outbreak of the revolution seventy days passed; from the death of Lenin to the dénouement of the Bolshevist confusion perhaps seventy times seventy days — perhaps more, perhaps less — will pass by; but the end of the tragedy the gentlemen of the Kremlin cannot escape.

The course of events in the future will be determined by the mediocrity and the weakness of Lenin's epigoni. So far they have had good luck. Lenin could have died two years ago when he had his first stroke. At that time, when the Communist Party found itself forced to surrender its utopian plans and proclaim its New Economic Policy, the death of Lenin would have overwhelmed the Kremlin. But fate had compassion on the Soviet power and, with Lenin transformed into a living corpse, gave time for deliberation. Two years have been granted the Bolsheviki by fate to think things over. Two years they have had to learn how 'to rule without Lenin.' Have they known how to utilize this respite?

It appears as if they had not been able to appreciate this gift of fate. On the contrary, in the course of these two years they have done all they could to inspire the Russian public with the idea that neither the Communist Party nor the Russian Soviet power can exist without Lenin. During the recent debates within the Communist Party the name of Lenin was on everyone's lips, and in all disputes

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the verdict that he would probably have pronounced was quoted as decisive.

And exactly at this moment, when Bolsheviki of all shades grasp with trembling hands at this living corpse as at a last straw, the inspired paralytic gives up the ghost. What a tragic cruelty of fate!

Destiny, it seems, wanted revenge for their failure to show gratitude for its considerateness and took away the soul of Lenin at the very moment when the failure of the New Economic Policy began to show concrete results; and the opposition broke out at the moment when the triumvirate of Kamenev, Zinoviev, and Stalin had become an object of scorn among the masses and when Trotskii, the only leader of equal rank with Lenin, had to retire 'on leave of absence.' Truly a critical moment. This was the reason why the death of Lenin, which a year or two ago could have passed unnoticed, to-day must be accorded a tremendous significance.

When the news of Lenin's death reached Berlin, running like wildfire through the city, I was reminded of the sunny winter day, February 26, 1917, when all of St. Petersburg, where I was then doing military service, came to life and celebrated the fall of the Tsar. Intoxicated by joy the people paid homage to the new men, particularly to the highest idol, Aleksandr Kerenskii. How does Kerenskii, whom history reproaches with 'excessive moderation and unpardonable weakness' toward his enemies, feel to-day, I asked myself, when his opponent Lenin, who deposed him, has closed his eyes? He has lived to see the same people who called him a weakling curse Lenin, whose vigor and cruelty crushed a great power.

By accident I learned that Kerenskii, who for a while was Russia's ruler, was living in Berlin as a poor fugitive, and I decided to look him up. 'Real life is after all more fantastic than any moving-picture film,' I said to myself, as I hurried to the editorial offices of *Vorwärts*, where Kerenskii is now working on a Russian paper. I recalled the first meeting I had with Kerenskii in 1917, when he was dictator of Russia and I a modest little sergeant in the 'revolutionary' garrison of St. Petersburg.

Those early days of the 'least bloody of all revolutions,' as it was then called, were a never-ending series of holidays. No one worked; everyone ambled for hours through the streets. The general atmosphere was of the best. The sun of liberty shone in the hearts of men as well as in the sky. I found it hard, however, to share the general happiness. While I and my regiment, whose real task was to watch over the imperial palace and the Tsar, had participated in the revolution, my father, who was governor of the Simbirsk Department on the Volga, had been captured by the mob, illtreated, and finally thrown into jail. The rioters had ripped the shoulder straps from the general's uniform worn by the seventy-year-old man, and had torn the rings from his fingers. During the first four days in jail he received nothing to eat, because, the excuse was, the keys to his cell had been lost. His life hung on a hair.

All this I learned through a letter from my mother, who was kept a prisoner in our home, being every day in danger of her life. She urged me, the 'revolutionist,' to come to Simbirsk as soon as possible to deliver her and my father from the grip of the rioters. I understood at once that I must act immediately and decided to start the same day. But first I decided to call on the all-powerful 'Minister of Jus-

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tice,' Kerenskii, who could at once have my father set free through a telegraphed order. I therefore set out for the Palace of Justice, where the new ruler of Russia lived.

In the waiting-room sat hundreds of people, mostly members of the *ancien régime*. They had all come to ask for clemency toward some relative under arrest. The report was current about St. Petersburg that Kerenskii was not especially gracious toward these 'favorites of the Tsar,' and hardly deigned to receive them. I did not allow myself to become discouraged on that account, but asked one of his adjutants to obtain an immediate audience, since I was a member of the regiment which first 'went over' to the revolution. I told him my errand, impressing him with the fact that my father was governor in Simbirsk, the city in which Kerenskii himself had been born.

These facts appeared to make an impression, because in a few minutes Kerenskii appeared in the doorway. He wore an English khaki uniform. His features were energetic, but his movements betrayed too much nervousness and worry. As he looked me over he squinted at me, as nearsighted people do, and then said in a gruff tone: 'It is the business of Head-Procurator Pereversjev to decide whether those belonging to the old administration should be released or not. You must address yourself to him.' With these words he turned his back. I refused to give up, but he dispatched me with a word: 'Pardon, but I must attend a state conference.' Followed by several of his attendants, he hurried out. Hundreds of supplicants tried to stop him, but he broke away from them and disappeared like a streak.

Now I do not know whether he did not want to aid me or was not able to do so. In any event Head-Procurator Pereversjev, to whom I next appealed, was not disposed to take any measures whatever. I therefore started the same day for Simbirsk, where I found my father still in prison. I succeeded, however, in getting him out and helped him to escape from the country. Soon events developed as fast as if they had been played on the screen. Kerenskii himself had to flee and Lenin took his place at the helm of state. All these things passed through my mind as I went to find the exiled Kerenskii in Berlin.

On the top floor, five flights up, in one of the buildings back of the *Vorwärts* offices, where the rooms are small and the roof slanting, the Russian emigrant paper, *Dni*, organ for the moderate Russian Socialists, has been installed. Even in his exile Kerenskii is their leader. The rooms are small and bare. Half-uniformed editors, presumably former officers in the 'White' army, are busy at work. I am asked to wait, as Aleksandr Feodorovich is for the moment very busy. He is hurriedly writing an editorial about the death of Lenin and his article must be ready for the day's paper. Well, I have patience. Ten minutes pass and I begin to feel bored.

Suddenly the door is opened or, more correctly, it is jerked open, and through it enters, or rather bursts, Aleksandr Kerenskii. He has not changed in appearance. The same smooth-shaven tense face, the same close-clipped peculiar head, the same squinting expressive eyes, the same quick nervous movements. He may have aged somewhat. The khaki uniform, once so popular in Russia, has disappeared in favor of an unpretentious civilian garb.

Of course our conversation turns at once to the late Lenin. Kerenskii cautions me that his judgment of Bolshevism can hardly be expected to be unbiased, which I find only natural.

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After this introduction Kerenskii is able to say without embarrassment that he considers the disappearance of Lenin 'a very cheering and significant event.' He then continues: —

'Essentially Lenin has been dead for several months. Therefore I hardly believe his departure will have any immediate consequences. But for the future his final disappearance is of enormous importance; because his will affected, even from the sanatorium at Gorki, the acts of the Soviet Government.'

'Do you esteem Lenin highly as a person?'

'He was a man of abnormally strong will. At the same time he was a man of definitely developed maniacal tendencies. Medical science knows such phenomena. His mania went so far that it often seemed as if Russia were governed by a madman.'

'Did you know Lenin personally?'

'I have never spoken with him. I have seen him only once. At a meeting of the St. Petersburg Soviet in 1917 he made an interpellation, to which I replied. That we had never met before was due to pure chance. Lenin's parents (his father was a school inspector at Simbirsk) and mine associated intimately. My father was principal of the gymnasium and had been Lenin's teacher. But the difference in age between us was too great. When Lenin left Simbirsk I was barely born. He was twelve years older than I.'

'How do you explain his rapid victory?'

'By his brutality and lack of scruples. It is an inexhaustible subject and I do not want to go into it any deeper. It is sufficient to recall the fact that he did not hesitate to accept money from the German General Staff for the organization of his rebellion. This has since been denied. But it is nevertheless a fact. When I was Minister of War I had the documentary proofs in my hands. To-day the question has lost all importance. The war is over. But at that time we were still belligerents and were hard-pressed by our enemies. Therefore Lenin's procedure must be characterized as high treason. It must not be forgotten that this man knew no scruples.'

'What is your view of Russia's present position?'

'According to private messages that have reached me, the situation is critical because the distribution of food supplies is becoming more and more difficult. In the Urals, along the Volga, and in Northern Russia there is a famine no less terrible than the one of 1921. In Western Europe nothing is heard about this, because there is no interest in the matter. The Bolsheviki themselves, in contrast with 1921, are anxious to have the country's condition appear as favorable as possible. But the distress and the discontent cannot be hidden very long.'

'What will happen then?'

'I am convinced that the Bolshevist régime will be overthrown. I shall not venture to predict exactly when. But the collapse is nearer than ever. Nor is it possible to say how it will be brought about. Before and during the war my partisans used to ask me when the revolution would break out. How can such a thing be predicted? Just as on February 25, 1917, the Volhynian Regiment, whose action was decisive on the course of events, still fired on rebellious workers, and yet the next day headed the outbreak which overthrew the Tsarist régime, so I did not know myself on February 25 that the next day I should lead the revolution. Such things ripen of themselves and break out wholly unexpectedly. Thus the fall of the Soviet régime is ripening and some day it will take place.'

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'Who will fall heir to it?'

'A national Russian government, based on a true democracy.'

'Who do you think will be Lenin's immediate successor?'

'I do not see any important personality among them. Zinoviev is one of Lenin's creatures, unable to stand alone, a repulsive reptile, hated even by the Communists themselves. Kamenev is a theorist, lacking decision. Stalin is a Georgian bandit, nothing else. There remains Trotskii. But first of all he is actually ill. The reports of his illness are reliable and are not the usual Bolshevist make-believe yarns. Secondly, even if he were well, Trotskii could never play Lenin's rôle, because the flock of jailbirds that for years has surrounded Lenin, Zinoviev, Stalin, and the others, has never admitted Trotskii to the inner Communist circle. Abroad it has hardly been known, but among the Russian revolutionists it has never been a secret that Trotskii has always been an independent personality, submitting only with difficulty to the Bolshevist discipline. The others have always suspected and feared him.'

I rose to say farewell. Kerenskii's eyes wandered out through the window and over the sea of snow-covered roofs. Half to himself he remarked, 'March and April are said to be critical months in Russia. Who knows whether March will not this year be fatal for the Bolsheviki? In any event this year will be decisive for Russia.'

These last words he pronounced to himself. Then he went — no, rushed — out of the room, just as precipitately as he had come in.

A queer individual.

POST DUCIS MORTEM

BY W. N. EWER

FOREIGN EDITOR OF THE 'DAILY HERALD'

From the *Labour Magazine, February*
(LONDON COMMUNIST MONTHLY)

BOTH by force of his own tremendous personality and as the embodiment of the working-class revolution Nicolai Lenin has so dominated our world that it is hard, within a few days of his death, to get the precise measure of the man or to analyze his greatness.

That he was great — by far the greatest historical figure of our age — only the most obstinate and doctrinaire of his opponents will now question. But just how great it is impossible at such close distance to estimate. One needs perspective of time, the background of history. I believe that our descendants will wonder that so many of us failed to see how big a man this was that lived and worked here among us in our own day.

He had, of course, the iron will and the powerful brain that are the necessary equipment of greatness. But these

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alone are not enough. Lenin had in addition that power of seizing reality, of piercing through formulæ and fantasies, that power, if you will, of seeing the obvious, which is the supreme gift of the gods to man.

It is the gift alike of the great general and of the great scientist. It is the faculty which enabled Napoleon to revolutionize war, Copernicus and Galileo, Bacon and Newton, to revolutionize thought. Because of its rarity we call it common sense. We treat the story of Columbus and the egg as a joke, whereas it is the most profound parable in history.

That gift Nicolai Lenin had in greater measure than any other political man of our day. He could see plainly the plain things before his nose, and he did not flinch from the sight.

The first plain truth which he seized was this: *that the job of a Socialist is to establish Socialism.* It seems so obvious when you state it thus baldly. Yet the greater part of Lenin's prerevolutionary life was spent in incessantly, and not always successfully, trying to convince his fellow Socialists of that elementary truth. So many of them could not, or would not, see it with him. There were those who wanted only to talk about Socialism as an academic proposition, a subject for quasi-theological discussion and polemic, not for action. There were those who — calling themselves realists — wanted Socialists to busy themselves with making capitalism a little less unpleasant. Very, very few could understand Lenin's view.

When the war came there were German Socialists who thought that their job was to help German capitalism win the war; there were Allied Socialists who thought their job was to help the Allies win; there were others — both Germans and Allies and neutrals — who thought their job was just to stop the war.

Only the great voice of Lenin cried from Switzerland that all were wrong; that the job of Socialists was Socialism; neither to prosecute the Imperialist war nor to stop the Imperialist war, but to snatch a Socialist victory from the conflict of Imperialisms; to turn war into revolution.

Always that same objective, always clearly in view. He knew when to retreat, when to compromise. He was scornful of those who could not distinguish tactics from treachery. He laughed at those who were so busy being good revolutionaries that they forgot the revolution. He, in pursuit of his war aim, threw theories and catchwords to the winds. Never mind phrases, never mind theories. Our object is this. The facts are thus, thus, and thus. We must do thus.

That was his relentless, iron mode of speech. It convinced where oratory would have failed. The remorseless accuracy of his reasoning was nine tenths of his power. 'Every time I have opposed Ilyitch I have been wrong,' said one of his chief lieutenants to me.

Mark, though, that Lenin's compromises were always tactical. He never forgot the end for an instant. He never compromised in purpose. That sunders him by a whole universe of idea from others of his one-time fellows. They compromised permanently because they forgot — he temporarily because he always remembered — that a Socialist's job is to establish Socialism.

When the first revolution came Lenin, almost alone in excited, distracted Russia, kept his objective steadily in view. Not the establishment of a bourgeois republic, but the establishment of Socialism, and, as the first step, the taking of all power by the workers. It was against all the theories that such a thing could be done. But Lenin, a master among theorists, re-

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fused to be trammeled by theories or by doctrines.

Some of his lieutenants — men like Kamenev and Zinoviev — believed that it was impossible to succeed. Lenin said quietly: 'It is impossible to fail.' He called for action. And to the astonishment of the world he was right. The November revolution was little more than a gesture. The Kerenskii Government collapsed. The Soviets took power. And Lenin, stepping into the tribunal at Smolny, amid the roaring applause of the workers' and soldiers' delegates, said quietly: 'Comrades, we shall now begin to form the Socialist State.'

A few months later the Germans were at Riga, threatening Red Petrograd, threatening the revolution. Trotskii and most of the Soviet leaders were for the *levée en masse*, for dying in the last ditch, and so on.

'We must not be intoxicated by revolutionary phrases,' said Lenin quietly.

All through he was willing to retreat, to compromise, to sacrifice when facts called for retreat, or compromise, or sacrifice, just as he was ready for swift advance when the situation justified it. But always and all the time he held the objective steadily in view. And with the objective in view he made his moves, calmly, surely, like a great general or a great chess-player. There have been other great men in history with that same power of grasping immediate needs without losing sight of the ultimate end. But Lenin stands uniquely among them by reason precisely of the fact that his objective was Socialism, and that therefore all these great powers of his were given to the service of the common people.

There have been Socialists who have forgotten that. Lenin never forgot. In the day of power, when his will was law through all Russia, as in the days of struggle when he was a hunted agitator and a Siberian exile, he remained a 'comrade' in the truest and deepest sense. He, the ruler of a great nation, lived in two small rooms. He starved with the rest in the days of the blockade. He gave not a moment's thought to personal ambition or even to personal comfort. There was neither pose nor asceticism in this. It was natural to him that the head of the Workers' Republic should live the life of a worker. All of him, his giant mind, his iron will, his unflinching courage, his tremendous power of work were theirs, theirs entirely.

And therefore because he had no thought of reward he won the highest reward of all. For no man has ever been loved by the common folk as 'Ilyitch' was loved by the common folk of Russia. In six years of struggle and suffering they learned to trust him, to obey him, but above all to love him. The world outside Russia has not understood, will not understand — yet. But the masses of the Russian people have understood this man as he understood them. They understood the strength of the man and his unwavering integrity of purpose. They understood his belief in them and in their destiny. They understood that his every thought and his every act were for them, for the worker, for the peasant, for the mass of common men, and that he was giving his whole life and all his splendid powers to win the world not for himself but for them.

He is dead. His people are bereft of his cool judgment, of his wise counsel, of his clear vision. But his work and the inspiration of his work will last. And when all the petty snarlings of his traducers are forgotten with the traducers themselves, Vladimir Ilyitch Ulianov will be known in all the world as he is known in sorrowing Russia to-day, as the greatest of all leaders of the working class.

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POLITICAL COLIC IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY GROVER CLARK

[*Mr. Clark is editor of the* Peking Leader. *The article embodies the results of his observations during a recent visit to the Philippines.*]

From the *China Weekly Review, January* 12
(SHANGHAI AMERICAN WEEKLY)

IN the midst of a mass of explanations, theories, and proposals, one fact about the Philippines stands out like a sore thumb: no one is satisfied with the present political situation. Some, chiefly the Filipino *politicos*, want more control over the affairs of the Islands — control extending to complete independence. Some, chiefly the American Chamber of Commerce, but including a few Americans outside of business circles, want the Philippines made into a territory of the United States on some such basis as the Hawaiian Islands.

But change in either of these directions would require action by Congress — which would take a good deal of time. And, however much dissatisfaction with the present muddle there may be, no one seems to have any very clearly thought-out plan for immediate application. Each side — the Filipinos and the Governor-General — of course is following a fairly definite line of policy, and apparently is determined to fight it out on its own line. Yet the present political deadlock has grown out of the clash of these two policies, and there are no signs of a break in that deadlock.

The root of the difficulty, in the minds of many of the leading Americans in the Islands, seems to be that Governor-General Harrison went much faster in giving the Filipinos a share in the control of affairs than their political training and experience justified. The result, it is charged, was not only that the administration was filled with a mass of incompetents, with a consequent marked falling-off in efficiency and integrity, but that, having been given a taste of almost unchecked freedom, the Filipino leaders became restive when Governor-General Wood started putting on the brakes.

It is necessary to keep in mind, however, that both Mr. Harrison and General Wood acted under the same fundamental law, the so-called Jones Law, passed by Congress in August 1916. This measure provides for a system of government in the Islands in its main outlines roughly like the governments in the American states. There is the traditional American separation between the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the government. But in the Philippines the executive head — the Governor-General — instead of being elected by the people is appointed by the President of the United States. The Senate and House of Representatives, however, are elected by the Filipinos. The President and Congress of the United States also have the absolute right of veto on any action of the Philippine Government.

This measure was adopted with the intention of giving the Filipinos an opportunity to get experience in carrying on their own affairs, and with the

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avowed purpose of granting complete independence when they had shown their capacity to maintain a stable government. Governor-General Harrison, appointed by President Wilson and acting in accordance with his policy, deliberately took the line of Filipinizing the government, with the result that the proportion of Filipinos to Americans in the government service rose from 72 per cent in 1913 to 96 per cent in 1921.

President Wilson was sufficiently satisfied with the result to recommend to Congress, in December 1920, that independence be granted to the Filipinos immediately, inasmuch as 'the people of the Philippine Islands have succeeded in maintaining a stable government since the last action of the Congress in their behalf, and have thus fulfilled the condition set by Congress as precedent to a consideration of granting independence to the Islands.'

But Congress did not act, and almost immediately after President Harding assumed office he sent the Wood-Forbes Mission 'to make a study of the situation and to report thereon,' justifying his action on the ground that the reports from official and other sources in the Philippines were so conflicting that further investigation was necessary.

The report which this mission submitted, while speaking favorably of some of the things accomplished, distinctly disadvised granting immediate independence. The phraseology used was as follows: —

> We feel that with all their (the Filipinos') many excellent qualities, the experience of the past eight years, during which they have had practical autonomy, has not been such as to justify the people of the United States relinquishing supervision of the government of the Philippine Islands, withdrawing their army and navy, and leaving the Islands a prey to any powerful nation coveting their rich soil and potential commercial advantages. In conclusion we are convinced that it would be a betrayal of the Philippine people, a misfortune to the American people, a distinct step backward in the path of progress, and a discreditable neglect of our national duty were we to withdraw from the Islands and terminate our relationship there without giving the Filipinos the best chance possible to have an orderly and permanently stable government.

Speaking specifically of the result of the Harrison policy of Filipinization, the report said: —

> During this period the administration deliberately adopted the policy of getting rid of most of the Americans in the service, competent and otherwise, and made the service so unattractive that very few remained. . . . The orderly process of promotion of proved efficiency from the less important positions was changed to a hurried Filipinization, placing Filipinos in nearly all of the higher positions. Many, including some of those selected for judges, were chosen apparently without due reference to their training or experience. . . . The period was marked, however, by a deterioration in the quality of public service, by the creation of a top-heavy personnel, by the too frequent placing of influence above efficiency, by the beginning of a political bureaucracy.

After the work of this mission was completed, General Leonard Wood was asked by President Harding to take the Governor-Generalship of the Islands. He accepted, and at once it became clear that the happy days — for the Filipinos — of practically complete independence were ended.

That was something over two years ago. During these two years, according to the Americans in the Islands, General Wood has been firm in upholding his authority, but absolutely fair in his dealings with the Filipinos. There was some tightening-up in the machinery of the government, with increased efficiency. But, most im-

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portant, a sharp halt was called to the reckless squandering of the governmental funds. One result of this last course of action was that the peso came back to a normal exchange of two to one on the American dollar from a discount of something over 15 per cent.

General Wood's administration has been decidedly satisfactory, not only to the American business men in the Islands, but also, as far as I could learn, to most of the others except the Filipino politicos. Not only nonbusiness Americans, but Chinese business men and many of the Filipinos themselves who are out of politics, have little but praise for the present Governor-General. Certainly, it was clear, they all preferred him to Governor-General Harrison.

The Filipino politicians, however, have been by no means satisfied. For example, Manuel Quezon — at present the leading Filipino political figure — dwelt at some length on what he called the militaristic character of General Wood's rule. He made the point that the situation as it has stood since General Wood assumed office was intolerable because it involved an attempt to combine a rule by force and a civilian government. General Wood, he said, was a military man and ruled as a military man — which was contrary to the spirit of the Jones law, since this provided for a civilian government, and was also extremely objectionable to the Filipinos.

It is probable that few others, even of the Filipino politicos, would have spoken as strongly as this. But there is no doubt that in political circles a strong movement has gradually been developing out of the irritation aroused by the measure of control which General Wood exercised — especially as that control came after the freedom of the Harrison days.

There was no real clash, however, until last summer, though the friction between the Governor-General and the Filipino politicos had been gradually developing up to that time. The actual break occurred over the comparatively insignificant matter of the appointment of an American to the antigambling squad, but the trouble grew until the mayor of Manila and most of the members of the Administrative Council and other political leaders resigned. Washington supported General Wood against his opponents, and the flurry was over for the moment.

But the lull was simply the preparation for a more determined attack on the Governor-General by the politicos. The next step came in the special senatorial election this fall in the Manila district, as a result of which Fernandez, formerly mayor of Manila and a staunch Quezonista, entered the Senate after a bitterly fought campaign on a straight 'immediate independence' issue. The surprising thing about this election was not that Fernandez won but that his majority was no larger — it was so small, in fact, that many in Manila looked on the result as a virtual defeat. And all agreed that it showed that the pro-independence feeling was not nearly as strong as Quezon and his partisans would like to have outsiders believe.

Shortly after this election the sessions of the House of Representatives and the Senate began. At once the anti-Wood feeling became apparent, and it has been manifested increasingly since in many ways, such as the introduction of measures to limit the Governor-General's power, and alterations in the budget which would mean handicapping the branches of the government under the Governor-General's control.

Nor was there, at the middle of December, any sign of a let-up of this anti-Wood agitation. Instead, the

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Filipino politicos seemed more than ever determined to carry into every possible line of activity a policy not only of noncoöperation but of positive hindrance. Mr. Quezon even went so far as to declare that the legislature would have nothing to do with the Governor-General; that the mere fact that General Wood advocated something would be enough to ensure its defeat no matter how worth while it might otherwise be.

With the politicos taking this attitude, it is not strange that there is a serious deadlock politically in the Philippines, particularly as the American government of 'checks and balances' rather than the European Cabinet system is followed in the Islands. The legislature, for example, draws up the budget, and the Governor-General has no voice except a veto in whole or in part. And his veto can be overridden by a two-thirds vote. Ultimately, however, the Governor must win as long as he has the support of the administration at Washington, for the President of the United States has a final veto. And, fortunately, it is provided that in case a budget cannot be agreed on the one for the preceding year automatically is continued.

At present, therefore, it looks very much like a test of endurance between the Governor-General and the politicos — with the final victory inevitably for the Governor-General as long as Washington supports him. So far he has had this support.

But the antagonistic programme of the politicos goes further than attempts to handicap the Governor-General. In various direct and indirect ways, according to the statements of many of the American business men, difficulties are put in the way of the normal carrying-on and development of legitimate business. There is a regular tax of one per cent of the gross turnover on all business transactions — to which there is no serious objection. But the American business men do object to the thousand-and-one petty and vexatious taxations which, it is said, are placed in the way of attempts to carry on or develop business, especially outside of Manila. The older and larger firms seem to be troubled less in this way than those which have been established more recently.

Two responses to these charges are made from the Filipino side. One is that the charges are unfounded; that the Filipinos welcome the development of legitimate business, without reference to the nationality of the business man; that the American criticism comes because many of the Americans are unwilling to conform to the perfectly proper requirements of the Philippine laws. The other is a frank admission that the Filipinos do not want any more penetration by American business into the Philippines, particularly along the line of the opening-up of the mines and similar natural resources, because the Filipinos want to reserve everything possible for themselves for development after independence is secured.

On whichever side the justice of the case may lie, it still is true that business conditions in the Philippine Islands on the whole are bad. This is the result partly of overexpansion during the war-boom days, partly of a serious reduction during the past season or two in the sugar production, — a reduction due partly to weather conditions and partly to financial troubles growing out of the wild-cat financing of the Philippine National Bank, — and partly to an unwillingness on the part of anyone, American or Filipino, to invest new capital in the Philippines at the present time. The effects of the slump following the boom will wear off in due course, and the sugar

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and other crops this year promise to be unusually large. But there is little likelihood that there will be new capital investment in the Islands, on any large scale at least, until the political situation has been cleared up, either by the granting of independence or by a definite pronouncement by Congress that independence is a long way off.

The Filipinos have dispatched another 'Independence Mission' to the United States. But even the most sanguine of the politicos apparently have little hope of actually getting independence during the present administration in Washington. And Mr. Quezon admitted frankly that if the Republicans continue to control after the next election the day of independence will be postponed at least another four years.

The feeling among the Americans in the Islands apparently is that independence would be disastrous, not only to the large American business and other interests already established, but to the normal development of the Filipino people. Many very strong statements were made to me, supported by innumerable specific illustrations, to the effect that while a few of the Filipino leaders may be good talkers and successful as politicians of the demagogue type the Filipino people as a whole — including practically all of these leaders, even — are quite incapable of maintaining a democratic form of government with any real efficiency or honesty.

In the middle of all the welter of political claim and counter-claim, it was encouraging to find that everyone seemed to agree that in one respect at least the work of the government was going forward reasonably well. Even the most rabid pro-independence politico apparently agrees that the schools should be kept up and developed. There are something like three million children of school age in the Islands. Of these only a little over a million actually attend the schools. But the rest want to attend — there is a great thirst for education, apparently. They cannot get into the schools, however, chiefly because of a lack of teachers. Apparently money for building could be secured as fast as the buildings could be utilized. But teachers cannot be trained fast enough to keep anywhere near the demand.

This interest in education all those I talked with agreed is one of the most encouraging factors in the present situation. A generation ago well over ninety per cent of the people were illiterate. To-day between forty and fifty per cent of them can read and write either English, Spanish, or one of the local dialects. In another generation the percentage of illiteracy will be appreciably lower than it is now.

The more thoughtful Americans with whom I talked seemed to feel that another generation at least, even with careful and disinterested guidance in the meantime, will be needed before the Filipino people as a whole really will be ready to take on the responsibility of complete self-government. Some Americans, as was to be expected, doubt whether the time ever will come when the Filipinos will be able to govern themselves. But most would agree that the present difficulties might properly be called political colic resulting from overfeeding on a diet of self-government too rich for the politically young stomachs.

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THE LION ON THE GOLF-COURSE

BY T. B. SIMPSON

From *Chambers's Journal, December*
(London Popular Monthly)

The West Castleton Golf Club, as is well known, is near the adjoining property to the Castleton Zoölogical Gardens, of which the inhabitants of the city are so justly proud. When the wind is in the right quarter, that is to say, from the southwest, as it generally is in those parts, the joys and sorrows of studying a long putt, or of socketing an approach, are greatly intensified by the roaring of lions, the barking of jackals, the trumpeting of elephants, in fact, as I think it well to add before my vocabulary of suitable terms is exhausted, by the whole range of the animal creation, each uttering the cry appropriate to its station in the scale of existence.

What is not so well known is the true inward history of Mr. Pedson's adventure on the said golf-course on a fine summer afternoon in 19—. (As a matter of historical fact, the year was 1922, but by one of our finest literary traditions our leading authors always used to say 18—; so why not 19—? Without letting out the awful secret I am prepared even to say 192–.) Mr. Pedson is a respected branch-manager of the East Town and West County Bank, and to associate him with anything so unlikely as adventure would be impossible if it were not true.

Behold him, then, on a fine June afternoon in the clubhouse of the West Castleton Golf Club. Mr. Pedson's work is of such a nature that he has arrived before the rush of eager business men who throng the first tee from about the magic hour of 5.15. On the other hand, the early afternoon tide of enthusiastic ladies has ebbed. In fact, there is no one about — no one, that is, except Mr. Cooke, who is sitting in the smoking-room. He generally does. All golf clubs have a Mr. Cooke. He has no known occupation except to sit in the smoking-room, and his peculiarity is that, although he is always on the golf-course, or at least in the clubhouse, he very seldom plays golf. Instead he likes to play the rôle of clubroom oracle.

Mr. Pedson carefully placed his bank coat in his locker and withdrew therefrom his club coat, which he donned. Arrayed in all its scarlet splendor, he entered the smoking-room and confronted Mr. Cooke. 'Care for a few holes, Cooke?' he inquired.

'No, thanks. It's good of you to ask me, but, as a matter of fact, I've a touch of rheumatism in my right shoulder.'

'Come along,' said Mr. Pedson, and added, greatly daring, 'I'll play you nine holes and give you two bisques.' (The West Castleton course is arranged, like all well-ordered courses, in two loops of nine holes each, so that the jaded golfer can withdraw at the end of half a round to the much-needed solace of gin and ginger-beer.)

'Of course I'd knock your head off, Pedson, at those odds,' was the reply, 'but I can't attempt it'; and, with a hollow groan to show the undoubted existence of his malady, Mr. Cooke subsided in his chair and resumed his study of the illustrated weeklies.

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'Well, I must just go out and have a knock by myself,' said Mr. Pedson, suiting the action to the word.

Before he reached the door, 'Pedson,' cried the victim of rheumatism, 'you don't mean to say you're going solemnly out in a club coat to play by yourself?'

'Why not?'

'Oh, certainly, if you choose to dress yourself like a bally Christy minstrel, it's no business of mine,' said the unregenerate Cooke, with a sneer.

Mr. Pedson flared up. The club coat was one of his foibles.

'It's too bad, Cooke,' he said; 'you know quite well the rules say that every member shall wear one when golfing, and simply because it's passing out of fashion you've no right to twit me with it.'

'By all means, go and be a scarlet runner,' said the iniquitous Cooke; 'go and blush unseen.'

'I will,' said Mr. Pedson, with spirit; 'you and the others who oppose this fine old custom are just a lot of — of scandalous Bolsheviki.'

And, quivering with passion, the little man flounced out, to play his solitary game. As he went down the passage his courage ebbed, — should he wear this beastly coat? — for so he now inwardly called it. It was a bit old-fashioned certainly, and Cooke would make fun of him with the fellows. 'Christy minstrel,' quotha, and 'scarlet runner,' said he. Hang him, he *would* wear it, and there's an end on 't. And with this resolve the bold Mr. Pedson marched on to the first tee, eyed from the bow-window by the sardonic Cooke. Consider the power of a sneer, and you will realize that his action was a bold one; just what it meant I will now, in the words of the father of history, proceed to relate.

Mr. Pedson topped his first drive — with that ghoul gloating over him it was only natural that he should. But at the second tee he passed out of sight of the clubhouse, and his play improved. In fact he began to play as only those do whom no one is watching. Putts which, with an opponent looking on, would have skidded wildly past the hole, struck the back of the tin, and fell in with a resounding plop. You will realize how well he played when I remark that at the fifth green Mr. Pedson was two below sixes, otherwise three above fives — if that sounds better. (Did I mention before that he is underhandicapped at 18? Mr. Cooke has 24 — hence these bisques.)

At this point the Castleton Zoölogical Gardens begin to play a part in this veracious story. As Mr. Pedson was playing the sixth, an indescribable hubbub broke out in the gardens. Yelps, barks, roars, whistles, shouts, and cries of every description rent the air. But I have said that the noise was indescribable, so why attempt to describe it? Mr. Pedson sliced his brassy shot in consequence, but he was lucky with the next, and securing a good five he proceeded to the seventh hole with a considerable degree of elation. This same hole, as you probably know, is the nearest to the Zoo, being separated from it only by a strip of well-wooded ground. It is a short hole, and celebrated for its difficulties.

Mr. Pedson studied his tee shot with immense care — the noise from the Zoo had luckily subsided — and, swinging slowly back, with his right knee well braced (see *Duncan on Driving*), managed to scuffle the ball on to the edge of the green. He advanced with delight, and drew out his putter, resolved to do or die. As he considered the putt, an uneasy feeling insistently pervaded his mind that someone was watching him. He looked all round;

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no one was there. He resumed his study, but the disturbing influence persisted. He examined his surroundings, more carefully this time. A slight movement at the boundary wall arrested his attention.

There, not thirty yards from him, was an enormous lion, gazing fixedly upon him! Believe me or not if you will, it is the fact that the largest lion in the Castleton Zoo was looking over that wall at Mr. Pedson. Mr. Pedson, in his turn, looked at the lion. Only a week before he had stood in the Zoo looking at the same lion as it ranged about its new terrace. But things were somehow different now. His interest in the seventh hole had completely evaporated; the putt no longer had his undivided attention. He stood transfixed, breathless with fright.

His mind worked rapidly. His first impulse was flight, but he felt unable to run, and he thought vaguely of travelers' tales in which the power of the human eye played a prominent part. The king of beasts — this is a new expression of which I have just thought — at this point placed a large and emphatic paw on the wall, and opened wide its jaws. This was enough for Mr. Pedson; the animal was only yawning, but the awful sight removed the feeling of paralysis which had seized the golfer's legs, and he turned and ran. Here, no doubt, he acted foolishly. There was a tree just behind him, and he would have done much better to climb it; but who at moments like these pauses to consider whether or not lions climb trees?

The monarch of the Nubian desert, — this phrase is copyright in U. S. A., — with a noble disregard of a notice-board announcing 'Strictly private, only members of the W. C. G. C. admitted,' leaped lightly over the wall, and made after the fugitive. The eighth hole, down the fairway of which the pursuit took place, is well adapted for the purpose, being of a long, flat, race-coursey make-up. Mr. Pedson — did I mention that he is fifty-three and slightly stout? — is not in the habit of running. He sometimes runs to catch a bus, it is true, but only if he has passed the last lamp-post on the left-hand side of the road in which he lives, and then only if he feels that the next bus will not get him to the bank in time. But stark terror helped him along, and any of his family or friends would have been astonished to see the speed at which he covered the ground — astonished, of course, unless they had seen the lion.

The animal, too, could not have had much recent practice in running, but he took to it even more kindly than Mr. Pedson, and, lurching easily along in that gigantic kind of amble which lions affect, he gained with every bound on his victim. Mr. Pedson's strength became exhausted; his pace flagged, despite his utmost efforts of will and sinew; with each stride it was a greater pain to lift his knees, and his lungs were bursting. Already he felt, or thought he felt, the brute's breath hot on the back of his neck. Turning deadly sick, he flung himself with a sob on the ground. He could do no more. At that awful moment his only thought was how blessed it would be to rest.

There he lay for some years — it seemed like that anyway. At first he thought of nothing. Then faint echoes floated into his mind of more travelers' tales; they said, those travelers did, that to be eaten by a lion is not really so very dreadful; a kind of numbness overcomes the victim, an almost pleasing sense of aloofness and irresponsibility. Next he wondered, more coherently, why the brute did not begin. At long last he ventured to turn his head and look round. The lion was lying, not five yards away, gazing at

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him. Horrors! It was simply playing with him, like a cat with a mouse. How long was this to last?

After another eternity Mr. Pedson ventured to sit up. The lion continued simply to look at him, and made no hostile demonstration. An expert in lions might even have inferred, from the lion's expression, that its intentions were wholly benevolent. Mr. Pedson, being no expert, was still filled with nauseating terror.

Nothing happened. The lion lay still. The man began to think more calmly. After looking all round — there was no one in sight — and weighing all the pros and cons of the situation, he decided to stand up, and did so. The lion also rose to its feet. Mr. Pedson at once subsided, and the lion sat down too. After further searchings of heart, Mr. Pedson again stood up, and even walked a few steps. The lion accompanied, but made no attempt to molest, him. Mr. Pedson moved slowly on, keeping an eye on the lion's movements; the lion moved slowly on with him.

Then the great inspiration entered Mr. Pedson's mind. The brute apparently meant him no harm; he would take it back to the Zoo! For audacity and simplicity the idea has probably not been equaled since Eve decided to eat the fruit. And for the Zoo he headed. The distance, in a vulgar, geographical sense, is not great — a few hundred yards at most. But if he lives to be ninety Mr. Pedson will never take a longer journey. It was a drawn-out nightmare of fears and doubts, misgivings and heart-searchings. Somehow the distance was covered. The lion's behavior was really admirable. He walked at Mr. Pedson's side, for all the world as if he had found a modern Androcles.

The ill-assorted pair were quite near the Zoo, advancing through the wood, when suddenly a keeper, armed with a rifle, stepped from behind a tree. Mr. Pedson was never so glad in his life to meet a fellow man as he was on seeing the familiar green of the keeper's uniform. Not so the lion. With an ugly snarl it crouched down, with flashing eyes, tail waving, and the great, foul teeth bared. The keeper hastily raised his rifle and fired, just in time before the lion sprang. He was not a big-game shot by profession, but he derived some advantage from employing a large, soft-nosed bullet at five yards' range. With a rending cough the lion fell back dead. Mr. Pedson promptly fainted.

He came to, resting against the knee of the keeper, while another, who had turned up, flicked water on his face.

'Quite all right, sir; quite all right,' said the latter. ''E's dead. 'Orkins seen to that.'

Hawkins, the successful marksman, who in the reaction from acute danger was feeling none too well himself, smiled uneasily.

'But wot beats me is 'ow 'e did n't go for you, sir. Where did you meet 'im?'

In a few disjointed sentences Mr. Pedson related his adventure.

'Cripes!' exclaimed the talkative keeper; 'you 'ave been lucky, *an'* no mistake. W'y, 'e was the most savage brute in the 'ole Zoo. Could n't do nothink with 'im. Rufus — that was 'is name — was sent to us by the Eyetalian circus, when old Rastelli, the lion-tamer, died three weeks ago. They'd no one could manage 'im then. 'E would foller ole Rastelli about like a blinkin' dawg, 'e would though. Anyway, we only got 'im on to the Mappin Terraces ten days ago, and this afternoon 'e got out — a plice they said no animal could escape from. 'E did though, by a regular circus turn, a

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double jump with a twist in the middle. And then — my Gawd! no more circus lions for us — if you'd seen all 'e done before 'e got out o' the gardens. And — Sufferin' Snikes! I got it!' exclaimed the narrator, suddenly interrupting himself. 'I know w'y 'e did n't touch you. You got a red coat on, same's wot ole Rastelli always used to wear. You were a friend to 'im. 'E took to the old red coat, like Rastelli always wore. My Gawd! you've bin lucky. If you'd seen — '

But Mr. Pedson had fainted again.

This story must finish where it began, in the smoking-room of the West Castleton Golf Club. This time there is a large gathering of members. The centre of attraction is our friend Mr. Pedson, who is holding forth to a circle of admiring friends.

'Yes,' he is saying, 'it is no doubt true what travelers say. The hypnotic power of the human eye is wonderful, and must be seen in action to be believed. I had no sooner transfixed him with a determined gaze than he subsided, and appeared almost like a different animal from the one which had leaped the wall and come bounding upon me as I stood defenseless on the green.' The narrative goes on.

In a neglected corner, irritably rustling the pages of the illustrated weeklies, sits Mr. Cooke. The lot of the dethroned oracle is never easy, and he finds it very hard to bear.

JOSEPH CONRAD

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

[*Martin Armstrong is a young English poet who also devotes a fair proportion of his energies to criticism.*]

From the *Bookman, February*
(London Literary Monthly)

If we admit that generalizations about human action and experience must always be tainted with the arbitrary and dogmatic and can seldom be applied to the individual without modification, we may say that the progress of the thoroughgoing fiction-reader passes through three stages. Starting from the entrancing realms of fairyland, from Hans Andersen, Grimm, Perrault, and Andrew Lang, he enters, by way of *Swiss Family Robinson* and *Robinson Crusoe*, the thrilling regions of Captain Marryat, Ballantyne, Stevenson, or G. A. Henty, whence, with regretful backward glances at those sunny lands, he passes into the severer territories of the social and psychological novelists, in the remote interior of which the elderly Henry James — 'James the Old Pretender,' as a certain critic has falsely and irreverently called him — performs his endless and exquisitely subtle dance with feet that during whole chapters hardly touch the earth.

But even the most ardent worshiper of that great writer, unless the child

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and the vigorous youth is entirely dead in him, must have moments of longing for the refreshment of those other types — for the free imaginativeness of the fairy tale and the bracing, physical adventure of the 'book for boys.' If he returns, however, to the average book for boys he will soon be disillusioned, for to the mature mind the need for psychological adventure is as insistent as for physical: the boys' books no longer satisfy him; nor will he fare much better among books of fairy tales. Fortunately there remains Joseph Conrad, who in a measure combines the three types.

In Conrad the passion for adventure and the passion for humanity and human psychology are almost in equipoise. Adventure is the very substance of his novels, yet in all of them physical stress has its full equivalent of psychological stress. This is not to imply that he is Henry James plus the adventure equivalent which James lacks and does not seek. The art of James, supreme in its category, is something quite outside Conrad's scope; and Conrad's psychology, though often subtle and penetrating, follows a simpler and directer course. James's is wide and pervasive — a sea with many tides and currents; Conrad's is a stream winding through the rich, external details of his stories, though often full and intense within its limits. In fact he combines, in the form of fine literature, the adventure dear to boyhood and healthy manhood with the psychological problem which the mature and active mind demands. And he does more. He includes also, by his pictures of strange happenings among strange folk in beautiful and inaccessible lands, something of the romantic stuff of the fairy tale, and he gives it to us with a wealth of enchanting and vividly seen detail such as the devotee of the fairy tale always demands.

In Conrad then we find represented the three chief elements of the three literary stages which I have indicated — the romantic, the adventurous, and the psychological; and he presents them generally with a very unusual actuality, an actuality which, springing as it does from both sharpness of visualization and intensity of feeling, can be derived only from actual experience. For as a matter of fact Conrad is in the fortunate position — somewhat rare for a modern man of letters before the outbreak of the war — of possessing a mind richly stored with the memories of arduous living — a mass of material ready to hand for his imagination to mould into artistic form. He has given us a glimpse in *Some Reminiscences* — republished as *A Personal Record* — of the early home life of Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski — to give him his true name — in his native Poland, of his passionate longing for a life on the sea; and in *The Mirror of the Sea* a collection of wonderful memories and impressions of the after times when that longing had been realized. Reading that fine production is almost exactly like reading his stories, for no story could be more thrilling than some of his accounts of actual experience.

But it takes an artist to record experience: the most thrilling experiences in the world will not make a great writer, although to the man of imagination and artistic power copious experience is an invaluable asset. Conrad, however, is a fine artist with a fine imagination. It is extraordinary that such a writer should have been without English until already a young man, for though he can occasionally write badly, and sometimes produces phrases which are not quite English, he has a strong feeling for word values, a rich vocabulary, and at his best writes a beautiful and impressive prose. His feeling for words is amusingly and vividly displayed in

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his description in *Lord Jim* of his first glimpse of the horrible Cornelius — 'a big, fat, greasy, blinking fellow of mixed descent, with turned-out, shiny lips. I found him lying extended on his back in a cane chair, odiously unbuttoned. . . .' From *Lord Jim* too I give a passage describing the voyage of the Patna, which is typical of Conrad's powers of descriptive writing:—

A marvelous stillness pervaded the world, and the stars, together with the serenity of their rays, seemed to shed upon the earth the assurance of everlasting security. The young moon recurved, and shining low in the west, was like a slender shaving thrown up from a bar of gold, and the Arabian Sea, smooth and cool to the eye like a sheet of ice, extended its perfect level to the perfect circle of a dark horizon. The propeller turned without a check, as though its beat had been part of the scheme of a safe universe; and on each side of the Patna two deep folds of water, permanent and sombre on the unwrinkled shimmer, enclosed within their straight and diverging ridges a few white swirls of foam bursting in a low hiss, a few wavelets, a few ripples, a few undulations that, left behind, agitated the surface of the sea for an instant after the passage of the ship, subsided splashing gently, calmed down at last into the circular stillness of water and sky with the black speck of the moving hull remaining everlastingly in its centre.

If we consider Conrad's novels in chronological order we discover the interesting though not unique fact that they show little or no literary development. With *Almayer's Folly*, his first book, published in 1895, he appears on the scene as a mature novelist. Opinions vary between *Lord Jim*, *Nostromo*, and *Chance* as to which is his finest work; yet *Lord Jim* is only his fifth book, published five years after his first, and *Nostromo* comes less than halfway down the list of his novels. Whatever the truth may be, it is certain that Conrad has never excelled the depth and magnanimity of outlook which he so notably achieved in the creation of Jim and his vicissitudes, and it is clear from a remark in his preface that he himself rates the book highly. 'As a matter of principle,' he writes, 'I will have no favorites; but I don't go so far as to feel grieved and annoyed by the preference some people give to my *Lord Jim*. I won't even say that I "fail to understand. . . ."'

Lord Jim possesses in a supreme degree a quality which pervades all its author's work — the quality, namely, of tension. It characterizes both the action and the psychology. The story of *Lord Jim* consists simply of Jim's valiant struggle to live down his one early act of seeming cowardice when he leaped from the sinking Patna and her load of helpless pilgrims. The relentlessness of the mental tension would be unbearable were it not compensated before the end by Jim's triumphant moral recovery among the natives of Patusan. The same twofold tension forms the theme of Conrad's greatest short story, 'The Secret Sharer,' screwed up almost to breaking-point till the breathless solution at the very end of the tale.

It is not surprising that this characteristic of all his best work should also be the cause of one of his chief failings, for the typical failing of a writer springs generally from the misfire of one of his finest qualities. And so in Conrad we sometimes find that the tension of action is sustained beyond its elastic limit. The mind of the reader tires, fails to react, and the 'affect' changes from excitement to monotony. This failing shows itself on the psychological plane in an occasional tendency toward mystification and an inclination to endow his characters with a mental tension for which the reader does not fully perceive the justification.

But such failures cannot invalidate

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the reality of the emotion from which the quality springs. It springs, as is abundantly evident throughout Conrad's work, from great concentration of feeling, from a passionate preoccupation with life and humanity. We see it in the vividness of his realization both of people and scenes, in his sensitiveness to the implications of a psychological problem, and in that persistence, that garrulity which hammers at an episode, attacks it from every side, returns to it sometimes after the needful significance has been already fully realized, urged — as we so often feel in his Marlow's narrations — by a press of emotion and vision which struggles for more and more expression.

Conrad shares with Anatole France — a writer in most respects widely different from him — an attitude toward humanity which at a first consideration appears to be composed of contraries, for it combines an extraordinarily profound love for mankind with a satirical detachment which might seem to be its opposite. The reconciling factor in both cases is that very detachment, for without it there can be neither satire nor the patient toleration of true understanding and love.

Conrad often flashes a keen but harmless satire upon those he loves, throwing them up sharply in its sudden and strong light, and in drawing characters to whom he is less partial emotionally he sometimes employs a regular technique of satire, as when like a detached and accurate showman he mercilessly exposes to our gaze in *Chance* the well-intentioned 'little Fyne' and his theoretical wife. He rags them both continuously but without acrimony, simply accompanying their speech and behavior by a cheerful obbligato of the ludicrous which, since they were what they were, was an inescapable part of their existence. Here is a picture of little Fyne executing one of his kindly acts on behalf of Flora: —

> Fyne bounded out of the room. This is his own word. Bounded! He assured me with intensified solemnity that he bounded; and the sight of the short and muscular Fyne bounding gravely about the circumscribed passages and staircases of a small, very high-class, private hotel would have been worth any amount of money to a man greedy of memorable impressions. But as I looked at him, the desire of laughter at my very lips, I asked myself: how many men could be found ready to compromise their cherished gravity for the sake of the unimportant child of a ruined financier with an ugly black cloud already wreathing his head. I did n't laugh at little Fyne. I encouraged him: 'You did! very good. . . . Well?'
>
> His main thought was to save the child from some unpleasant interference. . . . He was in time. He was at the door before she reached it in her blind course. She did not recognize him; perhaps she did not see him. He caught her by the arm as she ran past and, very sensibly, without trying to check her, simply darted in with her and up the stairs, causing no end of consternation among the people in his way. They scattered. What might have been their thoughts at the spectacle of a shameless middle-aged man abducting headlong into the upper regions of a respectable hotel a terrified young girl obviously under age, I don't know.

In another of its aspects Conrad's satire simply plays like a slightly green lightning upon classes, nations, or mankind in general; critical, detached, and infinitely tolerant. We see it at its gentlest giving a flick at old Viola, the fine old Garibaldino in *Nostromo*, a man after his author's own heart: —

> When sometimes a frying-pan caught fire during a delicate operation with some shredded onions, and the old man was seen backing out of the doorway, swearing and coughing violently in an acrid cloud of smoke, the name of Cavour — the arch-intriguer sold to kings and tyrants — could be heard involved in imprecations against

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the China girls, cooking in general, and the brute of a country where he was reduced to live for the love of liberty that traitor had strangled.

We see it again in *Lord Jim* when, instead of stating simply that Jim's father was a clergyman, Conrad — or rather Marlow — remarks that 'Jim's father possessed such certain knowledge of the Unknowable as made for the righteousness of people in cottages without disturbing the ease of mind of those whom an unerring Providence enables to live in mansions'; while in *Nostromo* again it takes in its leap the whole population of the South American republic of Costaguana by a simple reference to the public gardens of Sulaco where 'the military band plays sometimes in the evenings between the revolutions.'

It is futile to speculate upon what position a writer still living will eventually hold among the English novelists; but even if we keep clearly in view Conrad's shortcomings it is difficult to believe that a novelist whose emotional content is so considerable and of such fine quality, and whose themes are always based on that stress of body and soul which is of the essence of full living, whatever the age and whatever the race, can fail to be highly valued among the best names of English fiction.

A GIFT FROM NIPPON

From the *Japan Advertiser, January* 13
(Tokyo American Daily)

The Japan that has been painted for Western eyes through the marvelously beautiful word-pictures of such a master as Lafcadio Hearn is a Japan that, at best, must be searched out from its hidden places. It is there, but one must not seek it in the highways and byways where walks modern commerce and stalks the spectre of efficiency — a spectre to some lovely and to others hideous, but withal intensely practical and of benefit to mankind. The cities must be entered. The wharves and docks must be put out of vision and the seeker must wander into the misty greenness of the mountains or over the terraced valleys that stretch down to where breathing waves break into a restless spray of silver as they strike the shores of shell and sand.

There and there only will the seeker learn how to see. Under the thatched roof of some peasant hut or in the laughter of school-children or the tumble of a waterfall or perhaps the shrill music of a Shinto shrine, — music which demands the forgetfulness of preconceived standards, of harmony, and which then rewards fully by the marvel of its rhythm, — or in any one of dozens of other beauties in nature or folk life will the eyes be opened. But, just as danger lies in blindness, so does it also lie in the focusing of the sight on one vision and one only. The beauty of Japan is a wonderful draught for him who learns to drink it, but it will not sustain life in itself. For the moment, for the hour, but not for the whole day, does one dare to forget that which has been left behind; one must not forget to return.

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But for the man who has gone into the mountains, and there received the gift of true sight, the return is not altogether dull. He had to leave the city to find beauty, but, returning after having found it, he can search it out again even in the drab monotone of gray that makes up a city in the Isles of Sunrise. It is lurking around the corner or behind some tall gate, and he has but to take a few steps or stand on tiptoe to peep over the bars of the gate to drink deeply of beauty again.

And even the earthquake has not destroyed beauty in the capital and in what is left of its port city. Great piles of broken brick and massive fallen rocks line the muddy or dirty roadways that were streets, rocks embanking the canals have crumbled and let the earth pour down into the dirty water. Gaunt, jagged walls, with seared and roughened edges, rear skyward. Dirt covers everything. There is something majestic, impressive, something of a saddening grandeur, in the sight, but there is naught of beauty. The emotion that it stirs is one that tears the heartstrings.

The other sight that Tokyo has given the beholder since September 1 is even less attractive. New wooden walls and roofs of glistening tin have supplanted the timber age had mellowed and the heavy but yet graceful roof-tiles of the past. From the heights these hybrid houses dot the blackened areas one looks out across. Efficiency and inefficiency are blended, but both are on a petty scale.

If the beauty that the eyes alone take in be forgotten, it is possible to joy in the rebuilding of the cities that has already taken place. The spirit of a people that hesitates not a day to replace that which is gone is encouraging. The lack of foresight in the method of that rebuilding is another question.

And yet, a bit of visual beauty is to be found on every hand. Between two stone pillars whose once smooth faces have been chipped by the fire, spread upon the broken tiling of a floor and with a lifeless building rearing overhead, there flares the scarlet and the purple and the green of bolts of silk. The gay colors flutter in the passing breeze, seeming even gayer by contrast to the drab dinginess of their surroundings.

Two sturdy workmen wearing the square-cut dark-blue coats of their class pass by, a pole across their shoulders, and depending from it by a rice-straw rope a swaying basket which contains a tiny dwarfed pine-tree. A garden that lay hidden behind tall walls five months ago is now laid bare to the gaze of all, its loveliness glimpsed by every passer-by.

And of the beauty that Old Tokyo possessed, not all is gone. The dark-gray wall of the palace grounds still sweeps upward from the outer moat in a long graceful curve, crowned by its watchtowers of pure white and by the pines, whose green branches bend down to kiss the quiet surface of the water. The quiet of the grove of forest trees that guards the Meiji Shrine is broken only by the steady crunch of *geta* on the clean white gravel, as the sons of Dai Nippon go there to pray to the spirit of their great Emperor. The faded mausoleums of the Tokugawa Shoguns still lie wrapped in the cool darkness to be found beneath the branches of the giant cryptomerias.

The beauty that has passed lives on in memory; that which has survived lives on for all. In the new city that is now arising all cannot be depressing and ugly. There must be some few touches of the lovely scattered among the practical, the economical, and, perhaps, the scientific. Lafcadio Hearn drank deeply of the beautiful, too deeply, for at last he sickened and died of his rare draught.

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LOOKING FOR AN ANCESTOR

BY ROBERT LYND

[Mr. Lynd's numerous references to 'the Y. family' are explained by the fact that his article was originally published under his pen name, 'Y. Y.']

From the *New Statesman, January* 12
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

IT is one of the minor tragedies of life that there are not enough ancestors to go round. There is a great demand for ancestors, but the supply is so limited that it is quite common to meet people who could not give you the name, address, and occupation even of their grandfather's grandfather. Occasionally you will meet a self-made man who pretends that he is indifferent to this sort of thing, and that he would much rather be an ancestor than have one. Do not believe him. Every man is the happier if even the heel-taps of Norman blood are mingled with his own; and if he can trace his line back to some gentleman who led his tenants to the wars five hundred years ago be sure he will let his friends know about it.

I do not say this as one who possesses a genealogical tree from which golden fruits can be had for the plucking. I do not know the name of my father's grandfather, and I do not know whether anybody else knows it. I will not pretend, however, that I would not give five shillings to know it. I remember, when I was a boy, some people came over the sea, looking for an ancestor of our name and offering us an estate in America if we could prove that we were next-of-kin to a man called Y., who had settled there in the eighteenth century. How eagerly we set about looking for our lost ancestor, up hill and down dale, by lake and lilied stream, not disdaining the humblest cot in our search! We sought him with laughter; we sought him with longing — at least, with longing for his piece of land. But at the end of it all there was no ancestor to be found. We could not discover, indeed, so much as a skeleton in the cupboard.

For some time afterward I had great hopes of a skeleton. I tried to think of some agreeable explanation of my paucity of ancestors, and the most agreeable explanation that occurred to me was that my great-great-grandfather had been hanged for treason and that his immediate descendants, having turned loyalists, had said as little as possible about him, and had allowed all traces of him to disappear. I was a fanatical loyalist myself at the time, but none the less I fervently hoped that my great-great-grandfather had been hanged as a rebel. Such occurrences, to the mind of a boy, add a touch of romantic distinction to the family history.

Perhaps, too, I wished to have an ancestral portrait in violent contrast to that of another great-great-grandfather who, when the rebels came to his house by night and threatened to burn it unless he joined them, went to an upper window and told them to do what they would, for he was a loyal subject of King George. I felt reasonably proud of the old gentleman, as I pictured him at the window awing the pike-armed horde by the sheer virtue

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of his attitude into going away and leaving him alone; but I should have been glad of a wilder strain in my blood to dilute with the virtue of so good a citizen.

Perhaps it was the same longing for an element of wildness that made me impatient of any explanation that my ancestors had been Scotsmen or Englishmen. I was firmly convinced that Scotsmen and Englishmen were the best and wisest people on earth, and I knew that I had some of their blood in my veins; but they did not seem to me to be sufficiently extraordinary or like the characters in a fairy tale to make me wish to be descended from them. The love of strangeness is deeply rooted in most of us, and, as I sought the clue to the origins of our family, I was never satisfied with any explanation that brought us from anywhere nearer than France or Spain.

I do not know who told me the story, and I fancy it was told in order to pull my leg, but I believed for a long time that we were the offshoots of a Spaniard who had been cast ashore when one of the ships of the Armada had been wrecked off Dunluce Castle. I never asked whether he was a Don or only a common sailor, and I did not care. To have been a Spaniard and to have been shipwrecked — to have been shipwrecked where now stand those haunted ruins on a steep and sea-beaten jag of rock — seemed to me far beyond any nominal of nobility.

Indeed, in my search of an ancestor, I do not think I ever was tempted down a byway in the hope of coming on a title. I took it for granted that among my multitude of relations there were neither dukes nor kings, and I was not an aristocrat even in my dreams. True, at the age of seven, another boy and I conferred titles on ourselves, and, when we exchanged Christmas cards, I wrote on mine: 'To Sir D. D. from Lord Y. Y.,' and he wrote on his: 'To Lord Y. Y. from Sir D. D.' But, by the time I was ten I had cast off all titles as childish things, and had ceased to ask the right to boast of anything grander in the social scale than that I was related to farmers.

I was reminded of the genealogical researches of my boyhood the other day, when the post brought me a letter from someone who makes a practice of copying legal documents, informing me that there are more than 10,000,000 documents in the Record Office relating to early Chancery proceedings, and that 'among them is the following affecting the Y. family': —

Petitioner	*Defendant*	*Subject of Proceedings*	*Approximate Date*
Thomas, Y. esquire	William Wadon	Manor of Chesham, Co. Bucks	1468

A note had been scribbled at the side explaining that 'the title esquire was very rare in those days,' and, though Thomas Y. spelt his surname with an 'e' at the end, that does not prove that he is not the ancestor I had been looking for, because in the year 1468 nobody knew much about spelling. I do not say that I am absolutely convinced that Thomas Y. is a relation, but the fact that he was an esquire, — which, remember, was a very rare title in those days, — and the fact that he had apparently some claim to the Manor of

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Chesham, are strong arguments in favor of the hypothesis.

For all that, I do not think I shall send for a copy of the Chancery proceedings. Our claim to the Manor of Chesham — if, as I presume, there once was a claim — has almost certainly lapsed after four and a half centuries. Hence, I shall content myself, when the spring comes, with spending my Saturday afternoons in the neighborhood, and entertaining myself with the fancy that I am strolling round the family estate. In moments of bitterness I may curse Thomas because he muddled his and, incidentally, my rights away, and bequeathed to his distant descendant nothing but the right to work for a living. But, if the sun is shining, I shall probably be a model of charity and, as I look through the gates up the drive, I shall make a fine act of renunciation and apostrophize the present occupants, bidding them rest in peace, since, charming as I think it, Buckinghamshire is not my favorite county.

It may be, of course, that Thomas had no claim to the manor at all, and that he was merely a base curmudgeon suing for a small debt. I shall never inquire. I shall not disturb the dust of so dead a man. I am content to know that someone of my name was living hundreds of years ago, and apparently doing very well for himself. This, you may think, is but a poor farthing of vanity. But, in the matter of ancestors as in other things, beggars cannot be choosers. And, after all, who has not experienced a pleasant titillation of the fancy on coming on his own name unexpectedly on an old tombstone, or in some ancient historical record? At the sight, the imagination leaps into another century, and not only your name, but your very self, seems for the moment to become the inhabitant of a vanished age. So real are names to us. Would not all the Joneses be immensely proud if some Hebrew scholar discovered that Jones was the surname of one of the sons of Noah?

Hence I do not blame myself unduly for having enjoyed finding Thomas after such a wilderness of years, merely because we share the same surname, though I am perfectly confident and perfectly content that he was no relation of mine. Nor do I accuse myself of unnatural pride because, when a day or two later a newspaper arrived with a report of the dedication of an illuminated clock in a church tower in a small country town to a real grandfather, I read the speeches on the occasion, not only with pleasure, but with excitement. Similar speeches are made all over the world every year about other people's relations, and you may be sure that the relations always enjoy them as though such speeches had never been made before.

I, for one, could not but feel delighted on being told that on the memorial to a man to whom I was related were the words: 'Defender of the people's rights and liberties'; and, when the orator continued: 'Their ancestor, fleeing from intolerance and persecution in France, carried with him a love of liberty and hatred of tyranny, which has manifested itself in the life and work of his descendants,' it was as though I had suddenly become aware of a forgotten inheritance. Remote churchyards, green after rain, come before the imagination, with railed-in tombs that seem to be the repositories of generations of good deeds, and we find ourselves admiring even the sternness that frowns on our degenerate lives from the grave.

For one of the odd things about ancestors, even if they are no older than grandfathers, is that we can scarcely help feeling that, compared to them, we are degenerate. This, of course, is

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only a passing mood, and there are other moods in which we criticize a too rigid and reprehending virtue. But, whether it is that their blood survives in us and flows in self-approval, or whether it is that we honestly admire virtue, even in its intimidating forms, it is unnatural not to take pride in the dead and reproach ourselves for having been a little — nay, more than a little — faithless to the iron example of their lives.

Strange, how comparatively meaningless their lives seem in some respects to us to-day. Here, clipped from the newspaper, for instance, is the record of one great-grandfather. 'In the year 1818, when the Burgher and Anti-Burgher Synods were united to form the United Secession Church, he was appointed its first Moderator.' God knows I do not even know what the words mean. Burgher and Anti-Burgher are more unreal to me than Montague and Capulet, and are as the names of two rival factions in a forgotten riot. Even so, and though I dislike sects and cannot quite approve of my relative's troubling his head about them, I find myself admiring his worth, and I all but share the pleasure he must have felt in being appointed first Moderator of the United Secession Church. Lord, what a name for a church! I wonder what Thomas Y. would have thought of it. Truly, ancestors are of all sorts. I speak as one who has few, but who does his best to be proud of them all.

THE GRANDSIRE OF THESPIS

BY J. B. CHAPMAN

[To-Day, *formerly a literary quarterly, recently became a monthly. Though it has, under the editorship of Mr. Holbrook Jackson, been remarkable for the immense amount of really distinguished writing packed between very narrow covers, it is now forced to unite with a new sixpenny weekly known as* Life and Letters.]

From *To-Day*
(London Literary Monthly)

In the heart of Greece, among the hills of Doris, there lies a sheltered valley which in days of old supported a little community of hardy and simple folk. Their pursuits were mainly pastoral, for the alluvial soil in the valley was none too plentiful and, although every foot of it was cultivated, the yield of corn and fruit crops was not sufficient for the needs of the inhabitants, and required to be supplemented by hunting and fishing, and also by barter with their more fortunate neighbors in the south. To these mountaineers horses and cattle were almost unknown. The herbage was too scanty to maintain such heavy stock, whereas the sheep and goats of the village could find abundant pasture at various levels among the surrounding hills, and even in midsummer when the grass withered and the flower faded they could support

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life on the leaves of evergreens and of deep-rooted shrubs which flourished in the neighborhood.

The livelihood of the villagers being so hard to win, it behoved them to adhere with scrupulous care to all the rites and observances which tradition had consecrated and experience confirmed. Above all, they religiously observed the festivals of Demeter, the Earth-Mother, and of Dionysus, the god of fertility, especially of the fruitful vine. The chief festival in honor of the Wine-god was held in early spring, and served the dual purpose of a thanksgiving for benefits received and an intercession for mercies still in store.

At the spring Dionysia — for such the festival was named — every villager except the bedridden was present. On the appointed day at early dawn, men, women, and children marched in noisy procession to a small natural amphitheatre among the foothills at the eastern end of the valley. In front walked a bearded patriarch, clad in white robes and bearing in his hands a skin of pure wine out of which no man had ever drunk, and an ancient knife with blade of flint, an hereditary possession of his house. Behind him came the most handsome youth and the most beautiful maiden in the village, previously chosen by acclamation for the honor of leading forth the beribboned kid, milk-white and unblemished, whose lifeblood had been dedicated to Dionysus.

The young man, Chrysophon by name, was strangely dressed. Except for a loin cloth of white his body and limbs were bare, and his skin was stained in deep red patches with the juice of some innocuous plant. On his head he wore a thick wreath of ivy leaves and berries; from his shoulders there hung a tawny deerskin, and to his feet were strapped sandals of goat's hide, rough and hairy. His companion wore the usual robes of a Greek maiden, but round her body, plaid-like, she had wrapped the skin of a beautifully spotted fawn, and on her head she too had wreathed a coronet of ivy. The motley crowd which followed were mostly dressed in bright-hued holiday attire. Some bore baskets containing food and wine, and all held aloft wands entwined with leaves or other emblems sacred to the god.

Among the crowd of worshipers, however, as they moved along with noisy cries and snatches of song intermingled with the clashing of cymbals and the shrill music of the flute, one might have counted about a score of men and as many maidens decked like Chrysophon and his companion with the skins of various animals. These were the trained singers of the village, for several generations before the time of which we write the hymns and dances in honor of Dionysus had grown too long and complicated for *all* the worshipers to learn efficiently. Some of the villagers were poor singers, others could not dance, and so it had been found best to delegate the main part of the ritual to a chorus of picked singers and dancers, who practised sedulously for weeks before the festive day came round.

Arrived at the chosen spot, the aged leader advanced to the centre of the grassy dell. The members of the chorus, man and maid alternately, passed to their appointed places around him, while beyond these again the general mass of worshipers formed a wide circle, broken here and there into cliques or family groups. Raising the wine-skin aloft, at which signal all the people knelt in adoration, the leader prayed in a low voice to Dionysus, and then slowly poured forth the thick wine as a libation upon the ground. The wine-drenched turf was cut into squares and used to form the bottom and after-

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ward the top layers of the altar which was built forthwith in honor of the god. Silence being again proclaimed, the kid was led forward and slain. A fire of twigs was kindled on the altar, and certain portions of the victim were thrust therein. With a loud cry of joy the priest announced that the tokens were favorable.

And then the 'tragedy' was sung, the age-old 'goat-song' of Dionysus' worship. The flute sent forth its warning note, and round the altar, at first in stately rhythm, the chorus danced and sang. But as the passion of the hymn increased, the movements and voices of the singers grew more and more violent until the goat-song reached its climax in a wild outburst of frenzied cries and gesticulations, followed by a pell-mell rush upon the body of the kid.

Food and wine were now produced, and all present hurriedly broke their fast, for no one wished to miss the other songs, both old and new, which the chorus had rehearsed for the occasion. In most of these the singers, according to custom, all took part together, but this particular Dorian village had long held a reputation for invention, and on this occasion the programme was diversified by several part-songs being sung. In accompaniment to one of these the maidens in an inner circle danced round the altar from left to right, while the young men moved widdershins in an outer ring. This innovation, however, was greeted by the elders present with shouts of disapproval, and was not repeated by Chrysophon and his companions.

Between one chorus and another the time was spent by the onlookers, and indeed by some of the singers, in noisy talk and revelry, but as hour after hour went by these intervals began to hang heavy both among the performers and the audience as well. It was during one of those pauses that the germ of a great idea sprang to life in the mind of Osseia, the lady of the violet eyes, who had walked by Chrysophon's side in the morning procession, and who was now seated next to him on the green sward. She had remembered many an evening spent in the cottage of the lad's grandfather, when round the winter fire a group of villagers sat listening to tale after tale as it poured from the lips of the blind old shepherd. Stories of gods and heroes of old he loved to recite in the rushing metre of Homer or some other epic bard, while now and again he would grope for the lyre on the shelf by his side, and to its sweet cadence raise his quavering voice in a song of love or war. Anon the old man would grow weary and would hand his lyre to his grandson, and then the rafters rang as Chrysophon of the golden voice chaunted one of the many tales that he had learned in his boyhood at his grandsire's knee. Why should not Chrysophon recite now?

Such was the thought that crossed the mind of Osseia and was whispered softly in her partner's ear. The lad blushed and stammered some objection, but those violet eyes were upon him with unspoken promise of sweet favors yet to come. Slowly and deliberately he rose from his place and stepped toward the centre of the ring. His comrades appeared to divine his intention, and loudly called upon him to mount the altar ere he sang. Thus encouraged, Chrysophon leaped upon the mound of turf, and as the clear sunshine of that far-off springtide beat around his glorious form he began to chaunt a tale of heroes and the field on which they bled. Gratefully and reverently let us conjure up that scene, for through the mists of six and twenty centuries we are gazing at the first actor on the first stage in all the history of the world. . . . And Chrysophon was the grandsire of Thespis.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE PAINTER

BY ELEANOR LEAL WOLCOTT

[London *Poetry*]

In summer fill your palette to the edge
With gold and red and all the rainbow blaze,
For sunflowers, asters, crimson mallows, and the maze
Of goldenrod and cardinal that follows down the hedge
To the white heat that palpitates above
The lush green lowlands where the cattle graze.
Yet leave a space
For darkling shadows, and the lace
Of soft gray mist and shower;
And purple-black, when thunder-heads defy the very sun on high,
And angry little green and tawny clouds go scudding by.

But if it's winter, bring the colors of a nun,
The dreary tubes that mix you fawn and dun,
And dingy brown, for wayside pools,
Where ice melts from the sod.
Yet — you remember how the oaks flame
Rust-red in the glancing sun,
While on the bay the snow-white gulls come circling down
From sapphire into sapphire, as they dip
And gaze and dip again, and then to anchor slip.
Then last and best, the glory of the orange pageant in the west,
As night, awakening, lifts her velvet arms to clasp her guest.

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TOLSTOI MANUSCRIPTS

THE Prague National Museum is to have a Tolstoi collection which, though small, is in its own way unique. The new Tolstoi papers have been presented as part of a bequest of Dr. Dushan Petrovich Makovitski, a citizen of Czechoslovakia, who died in 1921.

Dr. Makovitski had, in the words of his eldest son, been Tolstoi's 'physician, secretary, nurse, guardian, and sometimes a companion on his rides.' In constant association with the great writer, he was able to collect a curious array of letters and more or less complete articles, together with odd notes and scraps of paper which are by no means the least interesting portion of his collection. Some of them have quite obviously been fished out of the waste-paper basket, others are pieces of blotter that received the impress of Tolstoi's writing, and there are sixty old envelopes bearing such short notes as 'No answer,' 'Send him books,' 'Forward to the editor,' 'Write him I have no time to read this,' or simply 'Cannot understand.' One envelope is partly torn and marked 'Send the letter back.' One gets a picture of the gaunt, peasant-like hands twisting the luckless bit of paper, the great beard bristling — for some ill-advised correspondent had evidently roused the pacific Tolstoi to wrath.

Valentine Bulgakov — who was Tolstoi's secretary during the last period of his life, and who describes the collection in *Volia Rossii*, a semi-monthly published in Prague by a group of Kerenskii sympathizers — defends what some may regard as rather excessive enthusiasm for snapping up unconsidered trifles on the part of Dr. Makovitski, on the ground that from the mass of trivialities that he has preserved one does get a vivid sense of Tolstoi's personality. 'It gives me a strange feeling,' he writes, 'to sit here in the little Czech town of Zbraslav and see before me papers covered with the familiar tall angular handwriting of Lev Nikolaevich,' and he presently insists that we must not complain of Dr. Makovitski's 'overscrupulous zeal' because 'among a mass of paper that is nothing but waste some things have been preserved that are very characteristic of Tolstoi's methods of work.'

Not all the notes are so trivial as those already quoted. There are letters on pacifism, religion, and war, as well as longer notes on odd bits of paper, some of which are almost worth inclusion in the collected works. For example: —

'Self-denial is the denial of one's material egoism and the assertion of one's spiritual egoism.'

'Besides the long prayer that I recite every morning, I have composed for myself another short one, which I recite in difficult moments and generally, as often as possible, amid the bustle of life: "I want to live for Thee, in Thee, by Thee. I want Thy will to be done — not what I would have, but what Thou wouldst have; not the way I would have, but the way Thou wouldst have." '

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A NEW LONDON SUCCESS

MR. JAMES AGATE, the new dramatic critic of the London *Observer*, is rubbing his hands with glee over the complete fulfillment of his predictions of success for Mr. Harry Wall's play, *Havoc*. The play is one of the dramatic waifs tender-heartedly fostered by the Rep-

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ertory Players at their experimental Sunday evenings. Mr. Agate then predicted that it would run if given a chance in the commercial theatre, and since it has been moved to the Haymarket Theatre his faith is being abundantly justified by the London playgoers, who attend in throngs.

Havoc is a war play, whence its title. The hero is a young Englishman of the unintellectual variety who becomes a second-lieutenant during the war. He is nicknamed the 'Babe' and Mr. Agate thus describes him: —

> The Babe has never heard of Rupert Brooke, and would indignantly deny that he is one of that poet's 'swimmers into cleanness leaping'; poetry is far from him, and he would frown if you were so misguided as to talk love of country. His day is wholly absorbed in attending to the gramophone and 'chipping' the Sergeant-Major; the space over his bed is plastered with pictures of popular actresses from the illustrated papers. Michelangelo and Beethoven are small beer in comparison with Bairnsfather and Melville Gideon; he has never heard of Chelsea, and, if he were to hear, it would only be to laugh. He has perfect health, the temper of a boy, and the heart and brain of a child.
>
> Thoughts about our young English subalterns of those days may well lie too deep for tears. Yet, if I had cared to pry, it would not have surprised me to find that the eyes of my neighbors were wet.

The heroine is a spoiled society girl who has formed the regrettable habit of getting engaged to officers on leave and breaking the engagement by letter as soon as the officers have gone back to the front. The climax of the play comes in the March retreat of the British army in 1918 when one of her jilted officers takes revenge on his rival by ordering him out to certain death with fifteen or sixteen men and another officer — an episode against which the *Observer's* critic enters the objection that 'none of this seems very like life.'

None the less, the play has some very good points. It has humor and knowledge, coupled with a good deal of first-hand observation of its human material, and the war scenes are said to have produced a powerful effect upon the audience.

❋

VIENNESE MUSICIANS IN SOUTH AMERICA

NOTHING could be more obvious than the assiduity with which European artists, business men, and politicians are courting South America. It is only a month or two since the Italian colony presented an art museum to Peru. A year or two ago a review devoted wholly to Latin America was founded in Paris, and we find *Figaro* ever and anon devoting an entire page to Latin-American affairs. The last to make the venture was the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, which probably was chiefly concerned with turning a penny in countries where there is more money and less music than in Austria, and not primarily engaged in international advertising.

Even when times were worst the Viennese never lost their interest in all the arts, — it is one of the reasons why Austria pulled through, — and now, with their magnificent organizations, if not intact, at least surviving, they are ready to send them out of the country for a time in their own interests. The Opera is going to London — going, that is, if the British will have it — and the Philharmonic is to make a second trip to South America.

The tour led to alarums and excursions among the Italian colonies, which are very numerous in some portions of South America. There is some excuse for this, because of the uncompromisingly German character of Herr Strauss's programmes, which included Brahms, Haydn, Mozart, Schumann,

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Beethoven, Liszt, Wagner, Mahler, and Strauss himself, but did not include enough composers from other lands to be worth mentioning.

✽

PICASSO AND HIS COURT

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Manchester Guardian* describes the cubist painter Picasso as 'one of the sights of Paris' and compares him with Anatole France, who used to sit in his home on the Avenue Malakoff on a certain day and hour 'ready for inspection,' and also to Rodin, who likewise had a special date to receive his admirers.

The learned, the enthusiastic, and the merely curious of every nation take full advantage of the opportunity that the painter accords them, if we may trust this correspondent, who found an Italian, a Frenchman, and a Russian, and suspected the presence of a Javanese and a Czech, amid a throng of unidentified visitors.

The personal appearance of the painter is thus described: —

> Picasso turned to me. He is short and squat, with a head known as bullet-shaped because it is not at all like a bullet. His black hair is graying, but what strikes one most is the laughter in the bright eyes set in a clean-shaven olive face. He was dressed in a scheme of soft blues, navy trousers, pale shirt, and almost gray woolly. All the time he talked he was characteristically restless, jumping from one chair to the arm of another or walking about. He talks rapidly, but not very easily with strangers.

✽

LETTERS OF TWO EMPERORS

DELVING in the archives of Vienna, the Italian Senator Francesco Salata has unearthed a series of unpublished letters between Napoleon III and Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, which he reprints in *Nuova Antologia*, a semimonthly review published in Rome. The letters concern the negotiations for the peace of 1859 and were exchanged between the two Emperors during the period extending from the armistice between France and Austria up to the most critical part of the Zurich Conference.

The letters, fourteen in all, are published in full. They are especially interesting because of the infrequency of personal letters between Napoleon III and Francis Joseph, because of the reluctance of both rulers to reveal their political motives, and especially because Napoleon's letters lend a personal character to the initiation of the armistice.

✽

SONGS OF MODERN NAPLES

THE characteristics of the Neapolitan songs to-day, says the Rome *Tribuna*, remains fundamentally the same as of old: exultation over the beauty of Naples, the torment of a loving heart, the lament of a love that expired too soon.

But now there is another theme in the Neapolitan songs — America! The necessity of departure, the anxiety of being away from the fatherland, the homesickness for 'the sea of Naples,' the joy of returning home. Some of these songs speak of having left Naples and coming back from America more Neapolitan than before!

✽

BEETLES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

THE Entomological Department of the Natural History Museum in South Kensington is in mourning for the death of the grub of an unknown beetle which had lived for many years in a pencil case without ever undergoing the transformation into an adult beetle which is customary with all well-conducted larvæ. The grub was known to belong to the longicorn group, but

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no more definite identification was possible in the larval state from which the grub never emerged. For six years the beetle was in the custody of a single keeper and with him traveled halfway round the world. The *Westminster Gazette* declares that it had lived for thirty years, a statement which is not impossible scientifically speaking, but for which the newspaper gives no scientific authority.

The recent presentation of a new collection of 17,000 beetles brings the Natural History Museum's total up to 200,000 species, of each of which the museum has on an average ten specimens. Some of these have been in the collection for one hundred and fifty years, yet although no preservatives are used they appear to be in perfectly good condition.

*

BRITISH AND AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

A CORRESPONDENT from Bristol University writes to the London *Times* to contrast the numbers of students in British universities with those in the universities, not of the United States, but of New York State alone. He relies for his American figures on the bulletin issued by the University of the State of New York which was for the year ending July 31, 1921. The English figures are based on a Royal Commission's report on the universities of Oxford and Cambridge in 1922 and the findings of the University Grants Committee, which made a general report on British universities in the same year. The total enrollment of undergraduate and postgraduate students in colleges and universities of the State of New York was 41,870 men and 17,520 women, a total of 59,390. The corresponding numbers for the United Kingdom were 38,336 men and 12,135 women, or a total of 50,471. That is, the State of New York had 9000 more students than the entire United Kingdom.

As might have been expected, the American expenditure for education was much heavier than the British. The total cost in New York was $37,984,261, which at standard exchange would be 7,600,000 pounds, whereas the expenditure for the same period in Great Britain was 4,696,170 pounds. However, this is believed not to include expenditure on the women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, which might bring the total up to a full five million. 'It seems to me,' says the *Times* correspondent, 'that these figures are sufficiently alarming without further comment.'

At first sight they are alarming, and yet no one, not even an American, who has felt the charm of English university life is likely to believe that mere numbers can entirely compensate for the quite intangible something upon which Oxford and Cambridge appear to exercise a world-wide monopoly. Figures for the entire United States — especially when we consider the concentration of educational institutions in some of the New England and Middle Atlantic States — would still more overwhelmingly exceed those for Great Britain and almost certainly those of the Empire as well. Yet, gratifying though the figures are to American eyes, a doubt uncomfortably lingers. One recalls Mr. Baldwin's remark, when he was still Prime Minister, anent the superior training of the English schoolboy, and wonders whether — in spite of the laments of Mr. H. G. Wells — there is not some truth in it.

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BOOKS ABROAD

A Cure of Souls, by May Sinclair. London: Hutchinson, 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

[*Morning Post*]

THIS is a full-length of the Reverend Canon Clement Purcell Chamberlain, a man of sloth. It is direct portraiture; there is nothing latent and elusive in its atmosphere, and every line is traceable to its effect. The Canon's every thought and action are directed to his ease, the insistence on this being merciless, even cruel, as Miss Sinclair's way is, and her illustrations of it ingenious and logical. She does not make the mistake of relenting. It looks for a moment as if the Canon's conscience may be touched by the tragedy of Miss Lambert driven by his selfishness to an hysterical exaltation ending in lunacy, but only his comfort of mind has been disturbed, and only its reaction in bodily discomfort is lamented. The terrible Nemesis comes with his realization of life stretching out before him in an unbroken succession of perfect days, existence without unpleasantness or pain in marriage with Molly Rivers, of the soothing contours and complacent soul. In leading her shepherd unreproachfully to his rest Miss Sinclair displays a clever and impressive artistry.

La querelle linguistique en Belgique, by Jules Destrée. Paris: Librairie Plon, 1923.

[*L'Indépendance Belge*]

THIS book is part of a collection bearing the common title, *Les problèmes d'aujourd'hui,* and is intended for an international reading public. It must be said in the beginning of this analysis that Belgian readers need not be surprised to find here a host of things which they already know perfectly well, but our linguistic quarrels are by no means so familiar to French readers. The latter have a vague knowledge, — or think they have, — that there are some people in Belgium called *Flamingants* — people bitterly hostile to the French language and the French nation, and devoted partisans of the Germans. Hitherto their curiosity has gone no further than that.

M. Jules Destrée has quite naturally wished to teach them better, and to explain the language problem in Belgium as completely and as objectively as possible. Yet, objective though this book may be, no author is ever quite so objective as he thinks he is, or would like to be. M. Destrée is no exception to the rule and, although he tells you that there is not a single word of anger or bitterness in this book, he cannot conceal — and indeed, he would scarcely think of concealing — that he is looking at the whole question and judging it from the point of view of a Walloon.

Ivory Raiders, by Major Rayne. London: Heinemann, 1923.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

TURKANALAND is to the northwest of Kenya Colony, on the western shore of Lake Rudolf, and runs up to a strip of the Sudan territory, which separates it from Abyssinia. It is one of those outposts of Empire where a handful of young men put heart of grace into their native troops and keep order against forces of horrible savagery. Bandits issue forth from Abyssinia across No Man's Land, swoop down into our territory to capture cattle and goods. Terrible scenes of butchery happen when wild tribes, such as the Northern Turkana — whose warriors may not marry till they have killed a man, woman, or child, no matter how treacherously, how indescribably infamously — raid a peaceful village. And Abyssinian brigands, wild tribesmen, and artful Swahili merchants alike are all after ivory. The tale of the elephant traps is ghastly.

It is to cope with this that such a regiment as the King's African Rifles exists. Let Major Rayne, who has commanded them, and has had twenty years' service — war service, and a peace service which includes fighting as one of its incidents — with Central African natives, speak of them. They are, he says, drawn from every tribe in East and Central Africa. They have been taught on the recruits' square never to desert a wounded comrade. They never will do so, and, wearing King George's uniform, will advance against any odds and endure any hardships in a land where thirst is one of the worst of enemies.

The native police also share in the glorious tradition, as the story about Hodge will show. When Major Rayne was Administrator of all Turkana, and strong bands of hostile raiders were about, he was reënforced by a small body of police under a young Assistant District Commissioner. Hodge wrote that, as one inexperienced in bush fighting, he would be glad of expert advice, but 'long before my answer arrived he met and unhesitatingly attacked with forty police nearly 2000 native raiders, among whom were a fair sprinkling of riflemen. His action was a complete success, for not only did he inflict a crushing defeat on the raiders, but he also pursued them for miles. I take off my hat to Hodge.' And so do we.

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This King Business, by Frederick L. Collins. London: T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., 1924.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

IN these days citizens do not stick to their Kings to save the Kings' lives; they stick to save their own lives.

That is the opinion formed by an American, Mr. Frederick L. Collins, after making an animated survey of the Courts of Europe.

'The Englishman,' he says, 'fearing Empire dissolution, clings to his hard-working King. The Dutchman, made timid by riches, hides behind his German Queen. The Belgian persuades himself that monarchy is all that saves his country from disintegrating into French Belgium and German Belgium. The Italian keeps a King on hand to introduce outgoing Premiers to their successors. The Spaniard finds temporary excuses for pleasure-loving Alfonso.

'In most European countries, therefore, Kings and Princes are not refugees or martyrs, but the same happy ostriches that they always were — with their heads buried a little further in the sand, and their tails stuck up as of yore.' . . .

'The Englishman is indeed wise,' says Mr. Collins. 'He is as democratic in his instincts as the American. But he realizes that by democracy he cannot live. He depends for his life on an Empire bound together by the slender circlet of a crown. The cost of a palace and a bugle and a scarlet coat is nothing — if his life is saved!' . . .

British royalty is, in fact, pronounced to be a going concern. But it means hard work and self-denial. According to Mr. Collins, the Prince of Wales, while possessing 365 suits of clothes, has 'less interest in dress than the average American shoe-clerk. They are his business suits.

'In fact, the only suits which the Prince can choose according to his private taste are his pyjamas!'

In a chapter on 'gold-lace democracy,' Mr. Collins is immensely impressed by the arrival of 'plain Master Lascelles.' 'When the world woke up to find that, instead of being his Royal Highness Prince Humpty Dumpty Pudding and Pie and Three Long Rahs on the End, he was plain Master Lascelles, then we began to realize that something had happened to royalty since the war — that, after all, perhaps the world was being made safe for democracy.'

Then there is Master Alexander Ramsay. 'These links,' the American observes, 'which exist nowhere else in Europe, between Crown and people, are popular and wise. They keep down expenses; and they leave the spotlight where it belongs, on the Prince of Wales.'

His final conclusion is that, so uncertain is the fate of Kings, 'we may live to know Tsar Dimitri of revolutionary Russia and First Citizen Windsor of the British Republic.'

Mr. Collins is a buoyant phrase-maker, who says what he chooses about Buckingham Palace, and is quite pungent in many of his observations upon Continental royal families.

The Contrast, by Hilaire Belloc. London: Arrowsmith, 1923.

[*Daily Herald*]

SOME of us look to America for help in reordering Europe — or, since Mr. Belloc would have us be frank, let us say for help against France, or for help against the power of the banks. The Americans, we argue, spring from our stock. They speak our language, or a near approach to it that we can understand with application. Therefore they should cleave to our side, as dutiful children stand by their parents.

One of Mr. Belloc's main objects in this book is to tell us that we are deluding ourselves. In vain do we lift our eyes across the Atlantic: from thence cometh no help!

Not only has the American tongue grown so different from ours that the 'Ode to a Nightingale,' recited with American intonation and emphasis, would, Mr. Belloc asserts, no longer seem poetry to us, while spoken by an educated Englishman it would be incomprehensible in American ears; but the change is continuing so rapidly that a comparatively short time will see us speaking languages as different as English and French.

The 'blood thicker than water' argument has also lost its point, for America is now a compound of all the races of Europe, many of them profoundly anti-British, and is essentially a foreign country. It is Mr. Belloc's argument that we cannot prosper in our dealings with America unless we frankly accept her as a foreign country, and make the most of the commercial interests we have in common.

*

NEW TRANSLATIONS

CHARSKAYA, L. A. *Little Princess Nina.* Translated from the Russian by Hana Muskova. Illustrated by Gleb Botkin. New York: Holt, 1924. Probable price $2.00.

KAMMERER, DR. PAUL. *The Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics.* New York: Boni & Liveright, 1924. $2.50.

MOLNAR, FRANZ. *Husbands and Lovers.* Translated by Benjamin Glazier. New York: Boni & Liveright, 1924. $2.00.

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